THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1916

LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

By a British Army Officer

Letter I

HERE we are at last—"somewhere in France"—and I suppose this will be the first letter you have ever had from your Temporary Gentleman without a stamp on it. It is rather nice to be able to post without stamps, and I hope the censor will find nothing to cut from what I write. It is hard to know where to begin. Here we are "at last," I say—we were nearly a year training at home, you know—and I shall not easily forget our coming. It really was a wonderful journey from Salisbury Plain, with never a hitch of any sort or kind, or so much as a button-stitch gone astray. Someone with a pretty good head-piece has arranged these things. At ten minutes to three this morning we were on the parade ground at ———, over a thousand strong. At twenty minutes to eleven we marched down to the wharf here at ———. Well, "somewhere in France"; and soon after twelve the cook-house bugler went in this camp, high up on a hill outside the town, and we had our first meal in France. Less than eight hours from our huts on Salisbury Plain to France, not quite the front yet, but La Belle France, all the same.

Our transport, horses, mules and limbers had gone on ahead by another route. But, you know, the carrying of over a thousand men is no small matter, when you accomplish it silently, without delay, and with all the compact precision of a battalion parade, as this was managed. Three minutes after our train drew up at the harbor station, over there in England, the four companies, led by headquarters staff and the band (with our regimental hound pacing in front), were marching down the wharf in column of route,

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with a good swing. There were four gangways, and we filed on board the steamer as if it had been the barrack square. Then, off with the packs and into the life-belts, every man; and in ten minutes the battalion was eating its haversack breakfast ration, and the steamer was nosing out to the open sea, heading for France, the front, and glory.

The trip across was a stirring experience in its way. The wide sea, after all, is just as open to the Boche as to us, and he is pretty well off for killing craft and mines. Yet, although all through these long months we have been carrying troops to and fro every day, not once has he been able to check us in the channel. The way the Navy has done its job is—it's just a miracle of British discipline and efficiency. All across the yellow foam-flecked sea our path was marked out for us like a race-course, and outside the track we could see the busy little mine-sweepers hustling at their police work, guarding the highway for the British Army. Not far from us, grim and low, like a crouching greyhound, a destroyer slid along—our escort.

The thing thrilled you, like a scene in a play: the quiet masters of the sea guarding us on our way to fight the blustering, boastful would-be stealers of the earth. And from first to last I never heard a single order shouted. There was not a single hint of flurry.

It is about seven hours now since we landed, and I feel as though we had already been weeks away. I suppose because there is so much to see. And yet it doesn't seem very foreign, really; and if only I could remember some of the French we were supposed to learn at school, to understand what the people in the streets are talking, it would be like a fresh bit of England a few hours away, with no sea between us and the Hun, with his poison gas and his Black Marias and all the rest of the German outfit. Well, we've brought a good chunk of England here since the war began; solid acres of bully beef and barbed wire, condensed milk and galvanized iron, small arm ammunition, biscuits, hand grenades, jam, picks and shovels, cheese, rifles, butter, boots and pretty well everything else you can think of; all neatly stacked in

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miles of sheds and ready for the different units on our front.

I think the French are glad to see us. They have a kind of a welcoming way with them, in the streets and everywhere, that makes you feel as though, if you are not actually at home, you are on a visit to your nearest relations. A jolly, cheery, kindly, good-natured lot they are, in spite of all the fighting in their own country, and all the savage destruction the Huns have brought. The people in the town are quite keen on our drums and bugles; marching past them is like a review. It makes you "throw a chest," no matter what your pack weighs; and we are all carrying truck enough to stock a canteen. The kiddies run along and catch you by the hand. The girls—there are some wonderfully pretty girls here, who have a kind of a way with them, a sort of style that is French, I suppose; it's pretty taking, anyhow—they wave their handkerchiefs and smile: "Bon chance!" they tell you. And you feel they really mean "Good luck!" I like these people, and they seem to like us. As for men, you don't see many of them. They are in the fighting line, except the quite old ones. And the way the women carry on their work is something fine. All with such a jolly swing and a laugh; something brave and taking and fine about them all.

If this writing seems a bit ragged you must excuse it. The point of my indelible pencil seems to wear down fast; I suppose because of the rough biscuit box that is my table. We are in a tent with a rather muddy boarded floor, and though the wind blows mighty cold and keen outside, we are warm as toast in here. I fancy we shall be here till to-morrow night. Probably do a route march round the town and show ourselves off tomorrow! The C. O. rather fancies himself in the matter of our band, and the battalions form in marching. We're not bad, you know; and A Company, of course, is nearly the last word. "Won't be much sleep for the Kaiser after A Company gets to the front," says the Peacemaker. We call our noble company commander "the Peacemaker" because he is so deadly keen on knuckle-duster daggers, and things of that sort. "Three inches over the right kidney, and when you hear his quiet cough you can

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pass on to the next Boche," says the Peacemaker, when he is showing off a new trench dagger. It's his spirit that's made A Company what it is. I don't mean that we call him "the Peacemaker" *to his face.*

We can't be altogether war-worn veterans or old campaigners yet, though it does seem much more than seven hours since we landed. But everyone agrees there is something about us that we did not have last year—or yesterday. From the colonel down to the last man in from the depot, we all have it; and, though I don't know what it is, it makes a lot of difference. I think it is partly there isn't any more "out there" with us now. It's "out here." And everything that came before us today is "over in England," ever so far away. I don't know why a man should feel freer here than in England. But there it is. The real thing, the thing we've all been longing for; the thing we joined for seems very close at hand now, and naturally everyone wants to do his bit. It is funny to hear our fellows talking as though the Huns were round the corner. If there is anything a man doesn't like—a sore heel, or a split canteen of stew, or a button torn off—"we'll smarten the Boche for that," they say; or—"Rights! That's another one in for the Kaiser!"

You would have thought we should have had time during the past six months or so to have put together most of the little things a campaigner wants, especially when a man has to carry all his belongings about with him; and yet I would make a sporting bet there are not half a dozen men in the battalion who have bought nothing to carry with them today. There is a Y. M. C. A. hut and a good canteen in this camp, and there has been a great business done in electric torches, tooth powder, chocolate, knives, pipe-lighters, and all manner of notions. We are all very glad to be here, and nine out of ten will dream tonight of trenches in France and the push when we all mean to win V. C.'s. But that is not to say we shall forget England and the—the little things we care about at home. Now I'm going to turn in for my first sleep in France. So give what you have to spare of my love to all whom it may concern and accept the

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rest yourself from your own particular "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter II

We reached this long, straggling village in pale starlight a little after six this morning, and with it the welcome end of the first stage of our journey from the port of disembarking to our section of the French front.

In all the months of our training in England I never remember to have seen A Company so tired; and we had some pretty gruelling times, too, during those four-day divisional stunts, and in the chalk trenches on the Plain, and again in the nights on the heather of those North Yorkshire Moors. But A Company was never so tired as when we found our billets here this morning. Yet we were in better form than any other company in the battalion; and I'm quite sure no other battalion in the brigade could march against our fellows.

The whole thing is a question of what one has to carry Just now we are carrying every blessed thing we possess, including great-coats and blankets, not to mention stocks of 'baccy, torches, maps, stationery, biscuits, and goodness knows what!—far fuller kits no doubt than tried campaigners ever have. (I found little M——— of No. 3 Platoon surreptitiously stuffing through a hedge a case of patent medicines, including cough mixture and Mother Somebody's syrup!) If you ever visit France you probably won't travel on your own ten toes; but if you should, be advised by me and cut your kit down to the barest minimum; and when you've done that, throw away a good half of what's left.

Boots and socks—some people will tell you that stocks and shares and international politics are matters of importance. I used to think the pattern of my neckties made a difference. I know now that the really big things, the things that are really important, are socks and boots, and hot coffee and sleep, and bread—"Pang-compree!" says Tommy to the French women, with a finger at his mouth—and then socks and boots again. You thought we paid a good deal in the shop for those swanky trench boots, W——— and myself.

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That was nothing to what we've paid since for wearing 'em. Excellent trench boots, I dare say; but one has to walk across a good bit of France before getting to the trenches. Those boots are much too heavy for marching. They look jolly workmanlike, but they eat up too much of one's heels. Tell all the officers you know to come out in ordinary marching boots, good ones, but ordinary ankle boots. Plenty time to get trench boots when they get to the trenches. Good old Q. M. Department will see to that. Our respected O. C. Company had no horse (we haven't yet made connection with our transport) and his heels today look like something in the steak line, half grilled.

We left camp at the port I musn't name about eight o'clock last night, and marched down the hill to the station in thoughtful good spirits, the packs settling down in their grooves. To save adding its immensity to my pack, I wore my imposing trench coat with its sheepskin lining: overall waist measurement, say, a hundred and twenty-five. Two of us had some difficulty about ramming the Peacemaker through his carriage door into the train, he also being splendid in a multilined trench coat. Then we mostly mopped up perspiration and went to sleep.

Between twelve and one o'clock in the morning we left the train (not without emotion; it was a friendly, comfortable train) and started to march across France. The authorities, in their god-like way, omitted to give us any information as to how far we were to march. But the weather was fine, and A Company moved off with a good swing, to the tune of their beloved "Keep the Camp Fires Burning." The biggest of packs seems a trifle immediately after four hours rest in a train. But after the first hour it is astonishing how its importance in your scheme of things grows upon you; and at the end of the third or fourth hour you are very glad to stuff anything like bottles of Mother Somebody's syrup through a gap in the nearest hedge.

It was at about that stage that word reached us of one or two men falling out from the rear companies. At this the Peacemaker began jogging up and down the left of our

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company—we march on the right of the road in France—and, for all his sore heels and tremendous coat, showing all the skittishness of a two-year-old. And he is seven good years older than any of the rest of us or than anyone else in the company. I shipped my fellows into starting up another song and my platoon sergeant cheerfully passed the word round that if anybody in No. 1 dared to fall out he'd disembowel him with a tin-opener.

As an actual fact, not a single A Company man did fall out, though in the last lap I was a bit nervy about old Tommy Dodd in 3 Section, whose rifle I carried, and one or two others. At the end, the Peacemaker was carrying the rifles for two men, and everybody was thankful for walls to lean against when we stood easy in the village. My chaps were splendid. ("Stick it, Tommy Dodd," I said to the old boy, once, near the end.) His good old face was all twisted with the pain of his feet and the mass of extra kit which no doubt his wife had made him carry. "Stick it!" says he, with his twisted grin. "Why I'm just beginning to enjoy it, sir! Just getting into me stride, I am! I wouldn't 've missed this for all the beer in England, sir! But you wait till we get alongside them blighted Boches, sir, an' see if I don't smarten some of 'em for this. I'll give 'em sore heels!"

It was only by lying to the extent of at least ten years that the old thing was able to enlist, and you couldn't get him to "go sick" if you drove him with a whip. The only way old Tommy Dodd's spirit could be broken would be if you sent him to the depot and refused him his chance of "smartening them blighted Boches."

Everyone in the village was asleep when we got there, but on the doors we found chalked up (as it might be "Lot" so and so at a sale), "1 officer, 25 men, A Co'y," and so on. We officers shed our packs and coats in the road—the joy of that shedding!—and went round with our platoons picking out their quarters and shepherding them in before they could fall asleep. We knocked up the inhabitants, who came clattering out in clogs, with candle-ends in big lanterns. Most remarkably cheery and good-natured they all seemed for that

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time of day; mostly women; you don't find many home-staying men in La Belle France today. The most of the men's billets are barns and granaries and there is a good supply of straw. I can tell you there was no need to sound any "lights out" or "last post." No. 1 Platoon just got down into their straw like one man, and no buck at all about it.

Then, when we had seen them all fixed up, we foraged round for our own billets. Mine proved a little brick-floored apartment in which you might just swing a very small cat if you felt like that kind of jugglery, opening out of the main room, or bar. Here, when they had had their sleep, the men began to flock this afternoon for refreshment. The drinking is quite innocent; mostly cafe au lait, and occasionally cider. The sale of spirits is (very wisely) entirely prohibited. It is most amusing to hear our chaps "slinging the bat." They are still at the stage of thinking that if they shout loudly enough they must be understood, and it is rather as a sort of good-humored concession to the eccentricities of our French hosts than with any idea of tackling another language that they throw in their "Bong jours," and the like.

"Got any pang, Mum," they ask, cheerfully. Another repeats it, in a regular open-air auction shout, with a grin and an interrogative "Compree?" at the end of each remark. Some, still at the top of their voices, are even bold enough to try instructing the French. "Francaisee, 'pang'—see? In Engletairy, 'bread'—see? Compree? B-R-E-A-D, bread." And the kindly French women, with their smiling lips and anxious, war-worn eyes, they nod, and acquiesce, and bustle in and out with yard-long loaves and bowls of coffee of precisely the same size as the diminutive wash-hand basin in my room. I tell you, one's heart warms to these French women, in their workmanlike short frocks (nearly all black), thick, home-knitted stockings, and wooden clogs. How they keep the heels of their stockings so dry and clean, I can't think. The subject, you notice, is one of peculiar interest to all of us just now—sock heels, I mean.

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There have been a good many jobs for officers all day so far, and only an hour or so for rest. But we have arranged for a sumptuous repast—roast duck and sausages and treacle pudding—at six o'clock, and, the C. O. and Providence permitting, we shall all turn in before eight. We don't expect to move on from here till early the day after tomorrow, and shall have our transport with us. I gather we shall march all the way from here to the trenches; and really, it is an excellent education for us, in the conditions of the country. People at home don't realize what a big thing the domestic side of soldiering it. Our C. O. knew, of course, because he is an old campaigner. That's why, back there in England, he harried his officers as he did. We have to know all there is to know about the feet, boots, socks, food, cleanliness, and health of each one of our men, and *it has been made part of our religion that an officer must never, never, never eat, sleep, or rest until he has personally seen to it that each man in his command is provided for in these respects.* He has made it second nature to us, and since we reached France one has learned the wisdom of his teaching. I must clear out now—a pow-wow at Battalion Orderly Rooms; the village Ecole des Filles. The weather has completely changed. There is a thin, crisp coating of snow over everything, and it is clear and dry and cold. We are all rather tired, but fit as fleas and awfully thankful to be getting so near the firing line. So make your mind quite easy about your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter III

If inclined to revile me for apparent neglect of you these last few days, be charitable and revile lightly.

It is astonishing how full one's days are. And then, when late evening arrives and arrangements for next morning are complete and one has been the round of platoon billets and seen all in order for the night—then, instead of being free to write one's own letters, one must needs wade through scores written by the men of the platoon, who—lucky beggars—have three times the leisure we can ever get.

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Their letters must all be censored. Rightly enough, I suppose, the military principle seems to be never to allow the private soldier to be burdened by any responsibility which an officer can possibly take. The giving away of military information in a letter, whether inadvertently or knowingly, is, of course, a serious offense. (German spies are everywhere.) When I have indorsed all my platoon's letters, the responsibility for their contents rests on my shoulders and the men run no risks.

If I were an imitative bird now, you would find my letter reading something after this style: "Just a few lines to let you know how we are getting on, hoping this finds you in the pink as it leaves me at present. We are getting very near the Germans now, and you can take it from me they'll get what for when we come up with 'em. The grub here is champion, but we are always ready for more, and I shan't be sorry to get that parcel you told me of. Please put in a few fags next time! The French people have a queer way of talking so you can't always understand all they say, but they're all right. I can tell you, when you get to know 'em, and I can sling their bat like one o'clock now. It's quite easy once you get the hang of it, this 'bong jour' and 'pang parley voo.' Milk is 'lay,' and not too easy to get. The boys are all in the pink, and hoping you the same, so no more at present," etc.

One sometimes gets mad with them for trifles, but for all the things that really matter—God bless 'em all—by Jove, they *are* Britons. They're always "in the pink" and most things are "champion," and when the ration-wagon is late and a man drops half his whack in the mud he grins and says, "The army of today is all *right*," and that, "Wait till he gets into the trenches; he'll smarten the Boches up for that!" Oh, but they are splendid, and though one gets into the way of thinking and saying one's own men are the best in the Army, yet, when one means business one knows very well the whole of the new Army is made of the same fine stuff. Why, in my platoon, and in our company for that matter, they are, every mother's son of them, what people at home call

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rough, ignorant fellows. And I admit it. Rough they certainly are; and ignorant, too, by school standards. But, by jingo, their hearts are in the right place, and I'd back any one of them against any two goose-stepping Boches in the Kaiser's Prussian Guard!

And, with it all, they are so English. I mean they are *kind* right through to their bones; good fellows, sportsmen, every one of them; fellows you'd trust to look after your mother. They're as keen as mustard to get to the strafing of Boches; but that is because the Boche is the enemy, war is war, and duty is duty. You couldn't make haters of 'em, not if you paid 'em all ambassadorial salaries to cultivate a scowl and sing hymns of hate. Not them! Not all the powers of Germany and Austria could make baby-killers, women-slayers, and church-destroyers of these chaps of ours. If I know anything about it, they are fine soldiers, but the Kaiser himself—"Kayser," they call him—couldn't make brutes and bullies of 'em. Warm their blood, and, mind you, you can do it easily enough, even with a football in a muddy field, when they've been on carrying fatigues all day—and, by Jove, there is plenty of devil in 'em! God help the men who make connection when they've bayonets fixed! But withal, they're English sportsmen all the time, and a French child can empty their pockets and their haversacks by the shedding of a few tears.

But I run on (and my candle runs down) and I give you no news. This is our last night here, and I ought to be asleep in my flea-bag, for we make an early start tomorrow for our first go in the trenches. But it is jolly yarning here to you, while the whole village is asleep, and no chits are coming in, and the Battalion Orderly Room over the way is black and silent as the grave, except for the sentry's footsteps in the mud. I'm in rather good quarters here, in the Mayor's house. When we left that first village—I'm afraid I haven't written since—we had three days of marching, sleeping in different billets each night. Here in this place, twelve miles from the firing line, we've had five days; practising with live bombs, getting issues of trench kit, and gen-

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erally making last preparations. Tomorrow night we sleep in tents close to the line and begin going into trenches for instruction.

But, look here, before I turn in, I must just tell you about this household, and my hot bath last night. The town is a queer little place; farming center. The farm-houses are all inside the village, and mine—M. le Maire's—is one of the best. From the street you see huge, great double doors, that a laden wagon can drive through, in a white wall. That is the granary wall. You enter by the big archway into a big open yard, the center part of which is a wide-spreading dung-hill, or reservoir. All round the yard are sheds and stables inclosing it, and, facing you at the back, the low, long white house, with steps leading up to the front door, which opens into the kitchen. This is also the living room of M. le Maire and his aged mother. Their family lived here before the Revolution, and the three sturdy young women and one old, old man employed on the farm all live in the house.

M. le Maire is a warm man, reputed to have a thorough mastery of the English tongue, among other things, as a result of "college" education. So I gather from the really delightful old mother, who, though bent nearly double, appears to run the whole show, including the Town Hall, opposite our battalion headquarters. I have never succeeded in inducing the Maire to speak a word of English, but he has a little dictionary like a prayer book, with perfectly blinding print, and somehow carries on long and apparently enjoyable conversations with my batman (who certainly has no French), though, as I say, one never heard a word of English on his lips.

I know what the newspapers are. They pretend to give you the war news. But I'll bet they'll tell you nothing of yesterday's really great event, when the commander of No. 1 Platoon took a hot bath, as it were under municipal auspices, attended by two company headquarters orderlies, his own batman, and the cordially expressed felicitations of his brother officers, not to mention the mayoral household and the whole of No. 1 Platoon, which is billeted in the Mayor's

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barns and outbuildings. Early in the day the best wash-tub had been commandeered for this interesting ceremony, and I fancy it has an even longer history behind it than the Mayor's pre-revolution home. It is not definitely known that Marie Antoinette used this tub, bathing being an infrequent luxury in her day; but if she had been cussed with our modern craze for washing, and chanced to spend more than a year or so in this mud-set village of M——— a ————B———, she certainly would have used this venerable vessel, which, I gather, began life as the half of a cider barrel, and still does duty of that sort on occasion, and as a receptacle for the storing of potatoes and other nutritious roots, when not required for the more intimate service of M. le Maire's mother for the washing of M. le Maire's corduroys and underwear, or by M. le Maire himself in the season of Michaelmas, I believe, in connection with the solemn rite of his own annual bath, which festival was omitted this year out of deference to popular opinion because of the War. Thus you see how even the most exalted of her sons come forward at a time like this, unflinchingly, gladly, even, to offer their share of sacrifice for La Belle France.

The household of the Mayor, headed by this respected functionary himself, received me at the portals of his ancestral home and ushered me most kindly and graciously, if with a dash of grave, half-pitying commiseration, to what I thought at first was the family vault, though, as I presently discovered, it was in reality the mayoral salon, or best parlor—as seen in war time—draped in sacking and year-old cobwebs. Here, after some rather embarrassing conversation, chiefly gesticulatory on my side, my conversational long suit is "Pas de tout! Merci beaucoup"; and, "Mais oui, Madame," with an occasional "Parfaitment" stirred in now and again, not with any meaning, but as a kind of guarantee of good faith, because I think it sounds amiable, if not indeed like my lambs in their billets, "Bien gentil" and "Tres convenable, Monsieur." It is thus they are invariably described to me when I go inspecting. As I was saying, here I was presently left alone with the household cat, two sick rabbits

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in a sort of cage, which must once have housed a cockatoo or parrot, my own little towel (a torn half, you know, designed to reduce valise weight), my sponge (but, alack! not my dear old worn-out nail brush, now lying in trenches on Salisbury Plain), and the prehistoric wash-tub, now one-quarter filled by what the Maire regarded, I gathered, as perhaps the largest quantity of hot water ever accumulated in one place—two kettles and one oil can full, carried by the orderlies.

The cat and the rabbits watched my subsequent proceedings with the absorbed interest of an intelligent infant at its first pantomine. The cat, I blush to say, was female, and old enough to know better, but I trust the rabbits were of my own sex. Anyhow, they were sick, so perhaps it doesn't matter. The entire mayoral household, with my batmen and others, were assembled in the big kitchen, separated from the chamber of my ablutions only by a door having no kind of fastening and but one hinge. Their silence was broken only by an occasional profound sigh from the Maire's aged mother and three sounds of reflective expectoration at considerable intervals from the Maire himself. So I judged my bathing to be an episode of rare and anxious interest for the mayoral family.

My feet I anointed copiously with a disgusting unguent of great virtue—it is invaluable for lighting braziers when one's only fuel is muddy coke and damp chits—called anti-frost bite grease, that is said to guard us from the disease called Trench Feet, rumored prevalent in our sector by reason of the mellow quality and depth of its mud, which, whilst apparently almost liquid, yet possesses enough body to rob a man of his boots at times. For my hands—chipped about a bit now—I used carbolated vaseline. Do you remember the preternaturally slow and wall-eyed salesman with the wart in the Salisbury shop where we bought it? And then, clothed most sumptuously in virginal underwear from the wool man with the painfully Teutonic name, I crawled into my flea-bag, there to revel from 10:40 p. m. to 6 a. m., as I am about to do now, less one hour in the morning. How I wish one could consciously enjoy the luxury of sleep while

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sleeping! Good-night and God bless you! God bless all the sweet, brave waiting women of England, and France, and Russia; and I wish I could send a bit of my clean comfort tonight to as many as may be of our good chaps and France's bon camarades out here.

When next I write we shall have seen a bit of the trenches, I hope, and so then you should have something more like real news from your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter IV

You must forgive my not having sent anything but those two Field Service post cards for a whole week, but as our Canadian subaltern, Fosset, says, it really has been "some week." My notion was to write you fully my very first impression of the trenches, but the chance didn't offer, and perhaps it is as well. It couldn't be fresher in my mind than it is now, and yet I understand it more, and see the thing more intelligently than on the first night.

We are now back in the village of B——, three miles from our trenches. We are here for three days' alleged rest, and then, as a battalion, take over our own battalion subsector of trenches. So far we have only had 48 hours in, as a battalion. When we go in again, after some days' rest, it will be as a battalion, under our own brigade and divisional arrangements, to hold our own brigade front, to be relieved later by the other two battalions of our brigade.

A Company is, I am sorry to say, in tents for these three days out; tents painted to look like mud and grass (for the benefit of the Boche airmen), and not noticeably more comfortable than mud and grass. An old fellow having the extraordinary name of Bonaparte Pinchgare has been kind enough to lend us his kitchen and scullery for officers' mess and quarters; and we, like the men, are contriving to have a pretty good time, in spite of chill rain and all-pervading mud. We are all, more or less, caked in mud, but we have seen Huns, fired at 'em, been fired at by them, spent hours in glaring through rag and tin-decked barbed wire at their trenches, and generally feel that we have been blooded to trench war-

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fare. We have lost but two men, and they will prove to be only slightly wounded, I think; one before he had ever set foot in a trench—little Hinkson of my No. 2 section—and the other, Martin, of No. 3 platoon, only a few hours before we came out.

Hinkson was pipped by a chance bullet in the calf of the leg as we passed through a wood behind the support trench. Very likely a Boche loosed that bullet off in mere idleness, a couple of thousand yards away; and I doubt if it will mean even a Blighty for Hinkson. He may be put right in the field ambulance or clearing station near here, or, at farthest, down at the base. Or he may chance to go across to Blighty —the first casualty in the battalion. The little chap was furiously angry over getting knocked out before he could spot a Hun through the foresight of his rifle, but his mate, Kennedy, has sworn to lay out a couple of Boches for Hinkson before he gets back to us, and Kennedy will do it.

First Impressions! Do you know I think my first impression was of the difficulty of finding one's way about in a maze of muddy ditches, which all looked exactly alike, despite a few occasional muddy notice-boards perched in odd corners: "Prince Street," "Sauciehall Street," "Manchester Avenue," "Stinking Sap," "Carlisle Road," and the like. I had a trench map of the sector, but it seemed to me one never could possibly identify the different ways, all mud being alike, and no trench offering anything but mud to remember it by. In the front or fire trench, itself the firing line, one can hop up on the fire-step, look round quickly between bullets, and get a bearing. But in all these interminable communication and branch trenches, where one goes to and fro, at a depth varying from six to ten or twelve feet, seeing only clay and sky, how the Dickens could one find the way?

And yet, do you know, so quickly are things borne in upon you in this crude, savage life of raw realities, so narrow is your world, so vital your need of knowing it, so unavoidable is your continuous alertness and so circumscribed the field of your occupation, that I feel now I know nothing else in the world quite so well and intimately as I know that war-

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ren of stinking mud: the two sub-sectors in which I spent last week. Manchester Avenue, Carlisle Road, Prince Street, with all their side alleys and boggy by-ways, why, they are so photographed on the lining of my brain that, if I were an artist (instead of a very muddy subaltern ex-clerk), I could paint the whole thing for you. I don't only know them. I've merely to shut my eyes to see any and every yard of them. I can smell them now. I can feel the precise texture of their mud. I know their hidden holes and traps, where the water lies deep. I know to an inch where the bad breaks are in the duck-boards, that you can't see because the yellow water covers them. Find one's way! I know them far better than I know the Thames Embankment or the Strand. That is not an exaggeration.

Duck-boards, by the way, or duck-walks, are a kindly invention (of the R. E. I suspect) to save soldiers from the bottomless pit, and to enable officers on duty to cover rather more than a hundred yards an hour in getting along their line of trench. Take two 6 or 8-feet lengths of 2-inch by 4-inch scantling; nail 2 or 3-inch bits of batten across these with 2 or 3-inch gaps between, the width of the frame being, say, 18 inches. Thus you have a grating 6 or 8 feet long and narrow enough to lie easily in the bottom of a trench. If these rest on trestles driven deep down into the mud and your trenches are covered by them throughout—well, then you may thank God for all His mercies and proceed to the more interesting consideration of strafing Boches and avoiding being strafed by them. If you haven't got these beneficent inventions of the R. E. and you are in trenches like ours, then you will devote most of your energies to strafing the R. E., or some other unseen power for good, through your own headquarters, for a supply of duck-walks, and you will (if you are wise) work night and day without check in well and truly laying every single length you can acquire.

"What a fuss you make about mere things to walk on," perhaps you'll say. "I thought the one thing really important was getting to grips with the enemy." Yes! Quite so! It is! But, Madam, how to do it? There be ways and means

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to consider, look you, whateffer, as Billy Morgan says. (Billy was the commander of No. 2 Platoon, you remember, and now, as reserve machine gun officer, swanks insufferably about "the M. G. Section," shoves most of his platoon work upon me, and will have a dug-out of his own. We rot him by pretending to attribute these things to the influence of his exalted compatriot, the Minister of Munitions. As a fact, they are due to his own jolly, hard work and really first-rate abilities.)

This trench warfare isn't by any means the simple business you might suppose, and neither, of course, is any other kind of warfare. There can be no question of just going for the enemy bald-headed. He wishes you would, of course; just as we wish to goodness he would. You have to understand that up there about the front line, the surrounding air and country can at any moment be converted into a zone of living fire—gas, projectiles, H. E. (high explosives, you know), flame, bullets, bursting shrapnel. If you raise a finger out of the trenches by daylight you present Fritz with a target, which he will very promptly and gratefully take, and blow to smithereens. That is understood, isn't it? Right! To be able to fight in any sort of old way at all you must continue to live: you and your men. To continue to live you must have cover. Hence, nothing is more important than to make your trenches habitable and feasible; admitting, that is, of fairly easy and quick communications.

To live, you must eat and drink. Every crumb of bread, every drop of tea or water, like every cartridge you fire, must be carried up from the rear on men's shoulders along many hundreds of yards of communicating trenches. Also, in case you are suddenly attacked, or have to attack, quick movement is vital. Nature apparently abhors a trench, which is a kind of a vacuum, and not precisely lovable, anyhow; and, in this part of the world, she proceeds wherever possible to fill it with water. Pumps? Why, certainly! But clay and slush sides cave in. Whizz-bangs and H. E. descend from on high, displacing much porridge-like soil. Men hurrying to and fro day and night disturb and mash up much earth in these

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ditches. And, no matter how or why, there is mud; mud unspeakable and past all computation. Consider it quietly for a moment, and you will feel as we do about duck-walks—I trust the inventor has been given a dukedom—and realize the pressing importance of various material details leading up to that all-important strafing of Boches.

The men are all remarkably fit and jolly. One or two old hands here have told me the line we are taking over is really pretty bad. Certainly, it was a revelation to our fellows, after the beautiful, clean tuppenny tubes of trenches we constructed on Salisbury Plain. But one hears no grousing at all, except of the definitely humorous and rather pleased kind—rather bucked about it, you know—the men are simply hungry for a chance to "push" at the Hun, and they work like tigers at trench betterment. We are all well and jolly, and, even if sometimes you don't hear often, there's not the slightest need to worry in any way about your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter V

The second of our rest days is over, and tomorrow night we go into the firing line and relieve the L———s. We shall march back the way we came out, down the sad-looking green valley round the lips of which some of our batteries are hidden; through the deserted streets of ———, with its boarded-up shops and houses; on over the weed-grown railway track, through a little village whose church is still unbroken, though few of its cottage windows have any glass left in them; down across the busy little river to Ambulance Corner—a favorite target for Boche shells, that bit of road—and so, through the wooded hollow where the German gas lies deadly thick when it comes into the foot of Manchester Avenue, the long communication trench leading up the battalion's trench headquarters in the support line, where A Company will branch off to the right, B to the left and C to the extreme left of our sub-sector.

That town I mentioned—not the little village close to Ambulance Corner, where most roofs and walls show shell-

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torn rents and a few are smashed to dust—is rather like a city of the dead. It has a cathedral which the gentle Hun has ranged on with thoughtful frightfulness. But though, under the guidance of his aerial observers, the Boche has smashed up that cathedral pretty thoroughly and its tower has great gaping chunks driven out of its sides by shells, yet, as folk say, miraculously, its crowning attraction, a monstrous gilt figure of the "Madonna and Child," thirty to fifty feet high, remains intact. But this remarkable gilt statue has been undermined at its base by H. E. shell, and now hangs over at right angles to the street far below it, a most extraordinary sight. The devout naturally claim that no German projectile will prove powerful enough to lower the sacred emblem any farther. Boche savagery in France has not weakened anyone's faith; I think, possibly, the reverse.

A foundry or factory near is now a tangled mass of scrap iron, and as one marches through the town one has queer intimate glimpses of deserted bedroom interiors, with homely furnishings exposed to all the weather, where a shell has sliced one wall clean down from a first or second story and left the ground floor intact.

But I was going to tell you about trenches. When I first began to walk up Manchester Avenue my thought was: "There's nothing much to grumble at here. I call this pretty good. A little sloppy under foot, perhaps, but really nothing to write home about." I've often laughed at that since. For several hundred yards it cuts through a ridge of chalk. It is wide enough to enable one to pass a man in it anywhere with comfort. Its parapet and parados tower white, clean, and unbroken a foot or so over your head. Its sides are like the sides of a house or a tunnel—good, dry, solid chalk, like our Salisbury trenches, with never a sign of caving in about them. And on the clean bottom under foot, perhaps two or three inches of nice, clean, chalky slime and water. It has a gentle gradient which makes it self-draining.

You could easily go right up it to battalion headquarters in the support trench in ordinary marching boots and be none the worse. And since then I've known what it means to get

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a boot-full of muddy water, when wearing trench boots—rubber thigh boots with straps buckling to your belt. The change begins a little way above the battalion headquarters dug-out in support line. You leave the chalk line and get into clay, and then you leave the clay behind you and get into yellow porridge and treacle. And then you come to a nice restful stretch of a couple of hundred yards or so in which you pray for more porridge; and it seems you're never coming to any more. This is a vein of glue in the section for to-morrow night. The glue vein probably had a bottom in by-gone days, but now, I fancy, the Hun has knocked the bottom out of it. In any case, we never met anyone who had found bottom in that bit of line, and as the tallest man in the company is only six foot two, I hope we never shall. At first you think you will skip along quick, like skating fast on very thin ice, and with feet planted far apart, so as to get the support of the trench sides. That bit of trench is possessed of devils, and they laugh when you stretch your legs, meaning to get through with it as quick as you can. The glue is so thick and strong after the soupy stuff you've been wading through that you welcome the solid look of it. (That is where the devils begin their chuckling.)

Perhaps at the first few steps you sink only about a foot, leaving your knees easily clear. "Oh, come," you say (and that is where the devils of the glue-patch laugh out loud). At the next step you go in a little deeper, and in your innocence give quite a sharp tug to lift your foot. You lift it all right, perhaps half-way up the leg of your boot, possibly ripping off a brace button in the process if you've been unwise enough to fasten up the top straps of your boots that way. (The devils go on laughing.) Then you pause reflectively while shoving your foot down in your boot again, and take a good look around you, wondering what sort of a place you've struck. (This is where the devils have to hold their sides in almost painful hilarity.)

While you reflect you sink so slowly and softly that you don't notice it till you try the next step. And then, with the devils of that section roaring their ugly Hunnish heads off

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all round you, if you have no better luck than Tommy Dodd had, his first night in, you may continue reflecting for quite a long while, till somebody comes along who knows that particular health resort. Then two or three Samaritans, with picks and shovels and a post or two, will be brought, and, very laboriously, you'll be dug and levered out; possibly with your boots, possibly without either them or your socks. But what reduces the devils to helpless, tearful contortions of merriment is a coincidental decision on the part of a Boche gunner to start peppering that bit of trench with shrap or a machine gun during your reflective period. Then it is great, a really first-class opportunity for reviewing the errors of your past life.

After this substantial piece de resistance (yes, thanks, I'm progressing very nicely with my French, this term), you come to a delicately refreshing desert in Sauciehall Street, where the water lies very deep in most parts, but so sweetly liquid as to wash the glue well off up to our coat pockets. This innocent stuff can be pumped out quite easily, and is, every day, into a gully which we devoutly hope leads well into at Boche sap. But pump as you will, it fills up very rapidly. And so, with new washed boots (and coat pockets) to Cut-throat Corner, where Leadenhall Street enters the fire trench, and the Hun loves to direct his morning and evening hymns of hate, in the hope of catching tired ration-carriers and no doubt of spilling their rations! It was there that Martin of No. 3 Platoon got his quietner on the morning we came out. But, with luck and no septic trouble, he'll be back in a month or so. The surroundings are a bit toxic, as you may imagine. That's why, after even the slightest wound, they inoculate with anti-tetanus—marvelously successful stuff.

The first trench in this particular bit is rather a mockery, as the Peacemaker said, when he tried to climb out of it, our first night in, to have a look at the barbed wire in No Man's Land. He had a revolver in one hand and a bomb in the other, but I am pleased to say the safety-pin of that bomb was efficient; and, in any case, I relived him of it after he fell back the second time. The sides of that trench have been

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so unmercifully pounded by the Boche and the rain has been so persistent of late that the porridge here is more like gruel than the breakfast dish, and the average sand-bag in the parapet, when not submerged, is as unfriendly to get a grip on as one of those crustaceous pink bombs they sometimes swindle you with at restaurants.

Thirty or forty yards north from Whiz-bang Corner, in the fire trench, you come to a loop turn to the rear called Whitehall, not because there's a war office there, but because there is a queer little view of chalk, which disappointingly peters out again in less than a dozen paces. That leads to the company headquarters dug-out—an extraordinary hole. I thought when I first saw it, a jolly nice, homely dug-out I think it now, and with a roof—well, not shell-proof, you know, but water-tight, and quite capable of standing a whizz or a grenade or anything short of serious H. E. You stride over a good little dam and then down two steps to get into it, and it has a real door, carried up, I suppose, from the village in the rear. It also has a gilt-edged looking glass, a good packing-case table, the remains of two wooden chairs, two shelves made of rum-jar cases, and two good solid wire-strung bunks, one over the other.

And, Madam, don't you go for to think that there is anything contemptible about our trenches, anyhow. Perhaps I pitched it a bit strong about that glue patch. In any case, I promise you two things: First, they'll be very different trenches before long if A Company has two or three turns of duty in them; second, they're every bit as good and a bit better than the trenches opposite, where the Hun is; and I know it, *because I've been there.* I meant to have told you of that tonight, but I've left it too late and must wait for my next letter. But it is quite right. I've had a look at their front line, and found it distinctly worse than ours, and got back without a scratch, to sign myself still your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter VI

Last evening brought an end to our rest cure, as I told you it would, and saw us taking over our section of the firing

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line. Now, I have just turned into the company dug-out for a rest, having been pretty much on the hop all night, except for a short spell between two and four this morning. As I think I told you, this is not at all a bad dug-out, and quite weather-proof. It has two decent bunks, one over the other. We all use it as a mess, and the Peacemaker, Taffy Morgan, and myself use it for sleeping in; Tony and the Infant kipping down (when they get the chance) in a little, tiny dug-out that we made ourselves when we were in here for instruction, just the other side of Whiz-bang Corner, in the fire trench.

You remember the Infant, don't you? No. 4 Platoon. His father is doctoring now in the R. A. M. C. He is a nice boy and has come on a lot since we came out here. He was to have been a land surveyor, or something of that sort, and has a first-rate notion of trench work and anything like building. In writing to you I'd like to avoid, if I can, what seems to be a pretty common error among men at the front, and one that leads to some absurd misapprehensions among people at home. I remember listening once in a tram car at home to two Tommies, one of whom had returned from the front. The other was asking him how they managed in the matter of shifting wounded men back to some place where they could be attended to. "Oh, that's simple enough," said the chap who had been out. "They've a regular set routine for that. You see, there are always barges waiting, and when you're wounded they just dump you on board a barge and take you down the canal where the dressing station is." "Oh, I see; so that's the way it's done," said the other man. And I could see that the impression left on his mind was that barges were in waiting on a canal right along the five hundred miles of Franco-British line.

You see what I mean? A fellow out here knows only his own tiny bit of front, and he is very apt to speak of it as if it were *the* front, and folk at home are apt to think that whatever is applicable to their man's particular mile or so is applicable to the whole front. Which, of course, is wildly wrong and misleading. When in trenches one battalion may

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find itself in a wood, another on a naked hillside, one in the midst of a ruined village with the cellars of smashed cottages for dug-outs, and another with its trenches running alongside a river or canal. So don't make the mistake of thinking that what I tell you applies to the front generally, although in a great many matters it may be typical enough.

Now you'd like to know about this business of taking over these trenches. Well, this was the way of it. The Peacemaker, our noble company commander, came on here in advance yesterday afternoon with the company sergeant major. Our company S. M., by the way, is a remarkably fine institution, and, I think, the only real ex-regular we have in the company. He is an ex-N. C. O. of marines, and a really splendid fellow, who is out now for a V. C., and we all hope he'll get it. He and the Peacemaker came along about three hours ahead of us, leaving me to bring the company. The Peacemaker went carefully all over this line with the O. C. of the company we relieved, noted the sentry posts and special danger spots; unhealthy places, you know, more exposed to Boche fire than others, and generally took stock and made his plans for us.

I forgot to say that a sergeant from each platoon accompanied the Peacemaker and the S. M., to be able to guide their respective platoons to their own bit of the line when they arrived. Then the S. M. checked over all the trench stores—picks, shovels, wire, pumps, small arm ammunition, rockets, mud-scoops, trench repair material, and all that—with the list held by the S. M. of the company we were relieving, which our own beloved Peacemaker had to sign "certified correct." Meantime the Peacemaker took over from the other O. C. company a report of work done and to be done—repairing parapets, laying duck-walks, etc.—though in this case I regret to report the only very noticeable thing was the work to be done, or so it seems to us—and generally posted himself and got all the tips he could.

Just about dusk A Company led the way out of B——— and marched the way I told you to Ambulance Corner. Needless to say, they presented a fine, soldierly appearance, led and

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commanded as they were for the time by yours truly. There was a certain liveliness about Ambulance Corner when we reached it, as there so frequently is, and I am sorry to say poor B Company, in our rear, had two men wounded, one fatally. I took A Company at the double, in single file, with a yard or so between men, across the specially exposed bit at the corner, and was thankful to see the last of 'em bolt into the cover of Manchester Avenue without a casualty. It gave me some notion of the extra anxiety that weighs on the minds of O. C. companies who take their responsibilities seriously, as I think most of 'em do.

Then, when we were getting near Whiz-bang Corner, we were met by the four platoon N. C. O.'s, who had gone on in advance with the company S. M., and they guided the platoons to their respective sections of our line. Meantime, you understand, not a man of the company we were relieving had left the line. The first step was for us to get out platoon sergeants to post sentries to relieve each one of those of the other company on the fire-step, and we ourselves were on hand with each group, to see that the reliefs thoroughly understood the information and instructions they got from the men they relieved. Then our advance N. C. O.'s showed the other men of their platoons such dug-outs as there were available for them—a pretty thin lot in this section, but we shall tackle the job of increasing and improving 'em as soon as we can—while we platoon commanders had a buck with the platoon commanders of the other company.

Finally, the Peacemaker shook hands with the O. C. of the company we relieved outside company headquarters—that's this dug-out—the other fellow wished him luck, both of them separately telephoned down to battalion headquarters (in the support trenches), reporting the completion of the relief, and the last of the other company filed away out down Sauciehall Street to Manchester Avenue, billets and "alleged rest."

It was a quiet night, with no particular strafing, and that is all to the good, because, in the first place, it gives us a better chance to study the line again by daylight, and, again,

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it enables us to get on quickly with certain very necessary trench repairs. We had half the company working all night at the parapet, which had some very bad gaps blown in, representing a serious multiplication of unhealthy spots, which have to be passed many times day and night, and must always be dangerous to pass. The Boche is pretty nippy in locating gaps of this sort and getting his snipers and machine gunners to range them on, so that unless they are repaired casualties are certain. One repairs them by building up the gaps with sand-bags, and for these it is necessary to find approximately dry earth; a pretty difficult job in this section.

No strafing and a quiet night. I wonder how you and people generally at home interpret that. "The rest of the front was quiet." "Nothing of interest to report." "Tactical situation unchanged." And so on. They are the most familiar report phrases, of course. Well, there was a time last night, or, rather, between two and four this morning, when on our particular section there was no firing at all, beyond the dropping rifle fire of the Boche sentries opposite, and a similar desultory fire from our sentries. Now and again a bullet so fired may get a man passing along a communication trench, or, more likely, of course, a man exposed, either on patrol in No Man's Land or in working on the parapet. More often they hit nobody. During the same time, in our particular section, a flare light went up from the Boche line opposite, I suppose, about every other minute. That is to give their sentries a change of seeing any patrol we may have creeping about in their direction.

During all the rest of this quiet night of no strafing there was just "normal fire." That is to say, the Boche machine guns sprayed our parapet and the intervening bit of No Man's Land, say, once every quarter of an hour. Their rifle fire was more continuous; their flares and parachute and star-lights the same. Eight or ten times in the night they gave us salvos of a dozen whizz-backs. Twice, once at about ten and again at about twelve, they gave our right a bit of a pounding with H. E. and damaged the parapet a bit. Once they lobbed four grenades over our left from a gap they

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have on that side. But we had been warned about that and gave 'em gyp for it. We had a machine gun trained on that sap-head of theirs and plastered it pretty effectually so quickly that I think we must have got their grenadiers. They shut up very promptly, anyhow, and a bombing patrol of ours that got to the edge of their sap half an hour later found not a creature there to bomb.

Our fire during the night was similar to theirs, but a bit less. The Peacemaker has a strong prejudice in favor of saving his ammunition for use on real live targets, and I think he is right. We had one man slightly wounded, and that is all. And I think that must be admitted to be pretty good, seeing that we were at work along the parapet all night. That is a specimen of a really quiet night. At Stand-to this morning Fritz plastered our parapet very thoroughly with his machine guns, evidently thinking we were Johnny Raws. He wasted hundreds of rounds of ammunition over this. We were all prepared. Not a head showed, and my best sniper, Corporal May, got one of their machine gun observers neatly through the head. Our lines are only a hundred yards apart just here. But I must turn in, old thing, or I'll get no rest today. Meantime, we are as jolly as sand-boys, and please remember that you need not be in the least anxious about your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter VII

The wonder is, not that I didn't get the one post card you mention, but that you apparently have had everything I have written. Really, I think the British postal arrangements out here one of the most remarkable features of the war. The organization behind our lines is quite extraordinary. Right here on the firing line itself we get our letters and parcels every day. In the midst of quite a considerable bombardment I have seen fellows in artillery shelters in the line reading letters and opening parcels of little luxuries just received from home. It is very nice of you to copy out my letters for friends at home to read. One simply cannot hope to write to a number of different people, because any spare

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time going one wants for sleep. I'm sorry I've omitted to tell you about some things I promised to explain, and must try to do better.

As to the time I saw into the Boche trenches while we were in for instruction, that was nothing, really; due to my own stupidity, as a matter of fact, and I daresay that is why I said no more about it. It was our second night in for instruction, and the company we were with was sending out a small bombing patrol, so, of course, I asked if I could go, too, and see what was to be seen. The O. C. of the company very kindly let me go and take with me Corporal Slade of my platoon, an excellent chap and very keen to learn. I wish he could have had a better teacher.

While close to the Boche wire our little party—only five all told—sighted a big Boche partol, quite twenty strong, and our officer in charge very properly gave the word to retire to a flank and get back to our own trench, or, rather, to a sap leading from it, to give warning of the Boche patrol. This was where, in my inexperience, I went wrong, and led Slade astray. I was very curious, of course, to get a good look at the Boche patrol—the first I'd seen of the enemy in the open—and, like a fool, I managed to get detached from the other three of our lot, Slade sticking close to me with a confidence I didn't deserve.

When I realized that the others were clean out of sight, and the Boche party, too, I made tracks as quickly as I could, crawling, as I believed, for our line, cursing myself for not having a compass, a mistake, you may be sure, I shall not make again. Just then a regular fireworks display of flares went up from the Boche line, and they opened a hot burst of machine gun fire. We lay as close as we could in the soggy grass, Slade and myself, and got no harm. Things were lively for a while, with lots of fire from both sides, and more light from both sides than was comfortable. Later on, when things had quieted down, we got on the move again, and presently, after a longish crawl through barbed wire, got to the parapet, and were just about to slide in, side by side, pretty glad to be back in the trench, when a fellow came

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round the traverse—we were just beside a traverse—growled something and jabbed at Slade with his bayonet.

Bit confusing, wasn't it? Makes you think quick. I suppose we realized that we had struck the Boche line instead of our own in something under the twentieth part of a second, and what followed then was too confused for me to remember. No doubt we both realized the necessity for keeping that chap quiet in the same fraction of time that we saw we had reached the wrong trenches. I can remember the eerie feeling of my two thumbs in his throat. It was exciting, really, though I daresay it will seem beastly to you. And I suspect Slade really did for the chap. We were lying on a duck-board at the bottom of the trench, and I know my little trench dagger fell and made a horrid clatter, which I made sure would bring more Boches. But it didn't.

I am sorry to say I left the little dagger there, but I collared the Boche's rifle and bayonet, thinking that was the only weapon I had, clean forgetting the two mills bombs in my pockets. Slade was a brick and behaved all through like the man he is. We were anxious to make tracks without unnecessary delay, but, being there, thought we might as well have a look at the trench. We crept along two bays without hearing or seeing a soul. And then we heard a man struggling in deep mud and cursing in fluent German. I've thought since perhaps we ought to have waited for him and tried a bomb on him. But at the same time came several other different voices, and I whispered to Slade to climb out and followed him myself without wasting any time. The trench was a rotten bad one at this point, worse, I think, than any of ours. And I was thankful for it, because if it had been good those Boches would surely have been on us before we could get out. As it was, the mud held them, and the noises they made groveling about in it prevented them hearing our movements, though we made a good deal of noise worrying through their wire, especially as I was dragging that Boche rifle, with bayonet fixed.

There were glimmering hints of coming daylight by the time we got into the open, which made it a bit easier to get

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a bearing, and also pretty necessary to get done with it quickly, because in another half hour we should have been a target for the whole Boche line. Here, again, Slade was first-rate. He recognized a big shell-hole in the ground, which he had noticed was about fifty yards north of the head of a sap leading from our own line, and that guided us into the same opening in our wire from which we had originally started. Fine chap, Slade! Three minutes later we were in our own trench, and I got a good tote of rum for both of us from the O. C. company, who had made up his mind he would have to report us "missing." So, you see, you didn't miss much by not being told all about this before, except an instance of carelessness on my part, which might have been more costly if I hadn't had a most excellent chap with me. The Peacemaker is going to recommend him for lance sergeant's stripes, by the way, when we get out of trenches.

I've told you about the trenches on the way up from Ambulance Corner, the communication trenches—that is, running up at right angles to the firing line. The chief difference between the firing line and the communication trenches, of course, is that it faces the Boche front line, running roughly parallel to it, and that, say, eighteen inches above the bottom of it there is a fire-step running along its front side. When you get up on that you have a fire position—that is, you can see over the parapet, across No Man's Land, to the Boche front line, and fire a rifle. The lines of trenches are not straight, of course. They curve about according to the nature of the ground. Running out from them on both sides towards the enemy lines there are saps, at the end of which we station listening posts at night with wired-up telephone and bell connections with the firing line. The fire trench is cut with traverses every twenty or thirty paces to make it impossible for an enemy on your flank to get what is called enfilade fire down and along the trench. Enfilade fire is deadly, of course. Fire from the front, on the other hand, if it falls short, or overshoots the mark even by a yard, lands in front of or behind your trench. You get that?

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And what does it look like when one stares out from our front trench? Well, it depends. It is always pretty queer, but, of course, it is queerest at night, when the Boche is sending up his ghostly flares or when there is enough moonlight to make you fancy all the time you can see all manner of things. First, there's your own parapet, anything from five to five and twenty feet of it, sloping gradually down to the open grass of No Man's Land. That's what stops the bullets destined for your head. When Boche shells are well enough placed to blow it in, you must build it up again as soon as you can, or the bit of trench behind it will be exposed, and as your men pass to and fro there will be casualties.

Well, then, anything from ten to twenty or thirty feet beyond the lip of your trench your wire entanglements begin, and extend, say, a good thirty or forty paces out into No Man's Land. You have seen barbed wire entanglements in pictures, row after row of stakes (some of ours are iron-screw standards now that can be set up silently; laced together across and across by barbed wire, forming an obstacle that it is particularly difficult and beastly to get through, especially at night, which, of course, is the only time at which you could even approach it without being blown to bits.

Here and there all through our wire are old bells, tin cans, bits of flattened tin, and oddments of that sort hanging loosely, so that when even a rat begins cavorting about in the wire at night your sentries know all, and the Boche is neither so slim nor so agile as a rat. Say that he comes by night with bombs in his hand. One cannot throw a bomb with any accuracy of aim more than twenty or thirty yards. Boche finds himself stopped by our wire, say, fifty or sixty yards from our line. If he slowly worms himself in, say, twenty paces without being heard—and he won't—and lobs a bomb at our line, imagine the hail of lead that is coming about him as he tries to wriggle his way back through the wire after shying the bomb.

But as a matter of fact, the Boche is not good at that game. He does not shine at all at creeping in on our line.

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When he leaves his trenches he seems to prefer coming out in pretty close formation, rubbing shoulders with his pals. Our fellows are a good deal better at sculling about over the sticks than he is.

Here and there in the wire, among the tin cans and things, you can see fluttering bits of weather-worn uniform and old rags, and, at times, things more gruesome. Beyond the wire you see the strip of No Man's Land. Where we are the average width of it is round about a hundred yards. In some places it is more, and in one place we can see, perhaps a mile off, it narrows down to much less than half that. Then begins the Boche wire, and through and across that you see the Boche front line, very much like your own—too much like your own to be very easily distinguished from it at night.

But it is a wonderful thing, that strip we call No Man's Land, running from the North Sea to Switzerland—five hundred miles. All the way along that line, day and night, without a moment's cessation, through all these long months, men's eyes have been glaring across that forsaken strip, and lead has been flying to and fro over it. To show yourself means death. But I have heard a lark trilling over it in the early morning as sweetly as any bird ever sung over an English meadow. A lane of death five hundred miles long, strewn from end to end with the remains of soldiers! And to either side of it, all through those five hundred miles, a warren of trenches, dug-outs, saps, tunnels, underground passages, inhabited, not by rabbits, but by millions of rats, it is true, and millions of hiving, busy men, with countless billions of rounds of death-dealing ammunition, and a complex organization as closely ordered and complete as the organization of any city in England.

It is also inhabited at this moment by one man who simply must stop scribbling and have some grub before going on duty. This one, among the millions, with the very healthy appetite, manages, in despite of all the strafing, to think quite a lot of you, and hopes you will go on thinking equally cheerily of him—your "Temporary Gentleman."

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Letter VIII

Here is an odd coincidence. The second sentence in your letter that reached me last night (with our rations of candles and coke) says: "Do tell me just what a dug-out is like. You know Taffy Morgan—Billy—of our company? He sends things home to his father, who is trying to keep a consecutive narrative of the doings of the battalion. Now, last night, within an hour of getting your letter, I read a thing Taffy showed me that he was sending home, all about a company headquarters dug-out in the line: "'Dug-out' is quite the only word for it. I don't know who did the christening, but it is, like so many words and phrases adopted without question by Tommy at the front, the one proper, exact and adequate name for the places we inhabit in the trenches. The particular dug-out I have in mind is a company headquarters, situated, like a good many others in a loop trench, perhaps seventy to a hundred yards long, which curves round at a distance of twenty or thirty yards in rear of the fire trench. The average depth of this little back-water of a trench is, say, seven feet. It was made by the French before we took over and is very wide at the top. It has no made parapet, but is just a gaping ditch. It is ragged, receding top edges eight or ten feet apart; the lower part in which one walks being two to three feet wide. The bottom of this ditch is duck-walked; that is to say, it has wooden gratings six feet long and eighteen inches wide laid along it. Each length of duck-walk is supported at either end by a trestle driven deep down into the mud. Here and there at a bend in the trench there will be a gap between duck-walks of several inches. Again, one finds a place where one or two slats have been broken. These are cheerless pitfalls on a dark night, in which it is easy to sink one leg in mud or water over the knee. In places a duck-walk has canted over by losing its bearing on the trestle at one corner, giving the whole a treacherous list to one side or the other, simple enough to negotiate by day, but unpleasant for anyone hurrying along at night. Still, the trench is "ducked," and, so far, luxurious and a vast improvement on the sort of trench (com-

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mon over the way among the Boches, I believe), in which men lose their boots and have to be dug out themselves.

"As one gropes along this ditch one comes to narrow gaps here and there in the side farthest from the enemy. These lead to all kinds of odd necessary places: the homes of signalers, runners and others, refuse pits, bomb and trench stores, and so on. Presently a thin streak of light shows like a white string in the blackness. This is one of the gaps, about four feet high and eighteen inches wide. A dripping waterproof sheet hangs as a curtain over this gap: the white string is the light from within escaping down one side of the sheet. Lift the sheet to one side, take two steps down and forward—the sheet dripping on your neck the while—and you are in the company headquarters dug-out: a hole dug out of the back of the ditch, its floor two feet below the level of the duck-boards outside, its internal dimensions ten feet by eight by six.

"At the back of this little cave, facing you as you enter—and unless you go warily you are apt to enter with a rush, landing on the earthern floor in a sitting position, what of the wet slime on your gum boots and the steps—are two bunks, one above the other, each two feet wide and made of wire netting stretched on rough stakes fastened to stout poles and covered more or less by a few empty sand bags. One of these is the bunk of the O. C. company, used alternatively by one of his subalterns. In the other a platoon commander lies now asleep, one gum-booted leg, mud-caked well above the knee, dangling over the front edge, a goat-skin coat over his shoulders, his cap jammed hard down over his eyes to shut out the light of the candle, which, stayed firmly to the newspaper tablecloth by a small island of its own grease, burns as cheerily as it can in this rather draughty spot on the table, sheltered a little from the entrance by a screen, consisting of a few tins half full of condensed milk, butter, sugar, and the like. The officer in the bunk is sleeping as though dead, and the candle-light, catching the mud-flecked stubble on his chin, suggests that his turn in the trenches should be at least half over. Another few days

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should bring him to billets and towels and shaving water.

"The table—say, 30 inches by 20 inches—was made from a packing case, and is perched on rough stake legs against the earthern side of the dug-out, with a shelf over it which was formerly a case holding two jars of rum. On the shelf are foodstuffs, very lights, a couple of rockets, a knobkerry, a copy of 'Punch,' a shortbread tin full of candles, a map, an automatic pistol, and, most curiously, a French cookery book, dust-incrusted, which has taken on the qualities of an antique, and become a kind of landlord's fixture among 'trench,' stores in the eyes of the ever-changing succession of company commanders, who have 'taken over' week in and week out since the French occupation in '14.

"Hung about the sides of the dug-out are half-emptied canvas packs or valises, field glasses, a couple of periscopes, a very pistol, two sticks caked all over in dry mud, an oilskin coat or two similarly varnished over with the all-pervading mud of the trench, a steel helmet, a couple of pairs of field boots, and half a dozen pictures from illustrated papers, including one clever drawing of a grinning cat, having under it the legend, 'Smile, scat you!' Overhead is stretched across the low roof tarred felt. Above that are rough-hewn logs, then galvanized iron and stones and earth; not shell-proof, really, but bullet and splinter-proof, and, for the most part, weather-proof—at least as much so as the average coat sold under that description.

"The trench outside is very still just now, but inside the dug-out there is plenty of movement. All round about it and above and below the place is honeycombed by rats—brown rats with whitish bellies, big as young cats, heavy with good living; blundering, happy-go-lucky, fearless brutes, who do not bother to hunt the infinitely nimbler mice. who at this moment are delicately investigating the tins of foodstuffs within a few inches of the head of the O. C. company. The rats are variously occupied as to a couple of them; matrons, in opposite corners of the roof, very obviously suckling their young, who feed with awful zest; as to half a dozen others, in courting, during which process they keep up a curious

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kind of crooning, chirruping song very wearisome to human ears; and as to the numerous remainder, in conducting a cross-country steeplechase of sorts, to and fro and round and round on the top side of the roofing felt, which their heavy bodies cause to bulge and sag till one fancies it must give way.

"There is a rough, rickety stool beside the table. On this is seated the O. C. company, his arms outspread on the little ledge of a table, his head on his arms, his face resting on the pages of an open Army Book 153, in which, half an hour ago, he wrote his morning situation report, in order that his signalers might inform battalion headquarters, nearly a mile away down the communication trench to the rear, with sundry details, that there was nothing doing beyond the normal intermittent strafing of a quiet night. The O. C. company is asleep. A mouse is clearing its whiskers of condensed milk within two inches of his left ear, and the candle is guttering within two inches of his cap-peak. During the past few days he has had four or five such sleeps as this, half an hour or so at a time, and no more, for there has been work forward in the line, involving exposure for men on the parapet of a sort which does not make for restfulness among O. C. companies.

"There comes a quiet sound of foot-falls on the greasy duck-boards outside. Two mice on the table sit bolt upright to listen. The cross-country meeting overhead is temporarily suspended. The O. C. company's oilskin-covered shoulders twitch nervously. The mother rats continue noisily suckling their young, though one warily pokes its sharp nose out over the edge of the felt, sniffing inquiringly. Then the waterproof sheet is drawn aside, and the O. C. company sits up with a jerk. A signaler, on whose leather jerkin the raindrops glisten in the flickering candle-light, thrusts head and shoulders into the dug-out.

"'Message from the adjutant, sir!'

"The O. C. reads the two-line message, initials the top copy for return to the signaler, spikes the carbon copy on a

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nail overhead, where many others hang, glances at his wrist watch, and says wearily:

"'Well, what are the signalers strafing about, anyhow? It's ten minutes before time now. Here you are!'

"He tears two written pages from the Army Message Book which was his pillow, signs them and hands them up to the signaler.

"'Call the sergeant-major on your way back, and tell him I've gone down to the sap-head. He can bring the wiring party along right away. It is nearly three o'clock. Send a runner to tell the officer on duty I'm going out myself with this party. You might just remind the sergeant-major I want two stretcher-bearers at the sap-head. Tell them to keep out of sight till the others are out over the parapet. Right! Messages will go to Mr. ———, of course, while I am out.'

"Brother Boche may remain quiet. Three o'clock is a good quiet time. And there is no moon. But, Brother Boche, being dead quiet just now, may conceivably have patrols out there in No Man's Land. They may carry valuable information quickly to his line, and two or three machine guns may presently open up on the O. C. company and his wiring party, who, again, may be exposed by means of flare lights from the other side. One hopes not. Meanwhile, after a glance round, the O. C. picks up his mud-caked leather mitts, settles the revolver pouch in his belt, blows out the guttering candle, feels his way out past the dripping waterproof sheet into the black trench, and leaves the dug-out to his sleeping brother officer (who was on deck from ten to one and will be out again an hour before dawn) and to the rats.

"Theoretically, this O. C. company may be himself as much in need of sleep as anyone in the trench. Actually, however, apart from his needs, he is personally responsible for whatever may happen in quite a long stretch of dark, mysterious trench: of trench which in one moment may be converted by the ingenious Boche into a raging hell of paralyzing gas and smoke, of lurid flame and rending explosion.

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German officers seated in artillery dug-outs a mile or so away across the far side of No Man's Land may bring about that transformation in one moment. They did it less than a week ago, though, by reason of unceasing watchfulness on this side it availed them nothing. They may be just about to do it now; and, unlike the average of German O. C. companies, our officers never ask their men to face any kind of danger which they themselves do not face with them. And so, for this particular O. C. company, the interior of that queer little dug-out (where the men's rum stands in jars under the lower bunk and letters from home are scanned, maps pored over and reports and returns made out) does not exactly bring unmixed repose. But the rats love it."

So there you are. By the judicious picking of Taffy's brains, you see, I have been enabled to present you with a much better picture of a dug-out than my own unaided pen could give. Reading over, there seems something melancholy and somber about it; I don't know why. It is a jolly little dug-out, and Taffy is a thundering fine officer; nothing in the least melancholy about him. Then why—oh, well, I guess it is his Celtic blood. Maybe he's got a temperament. I must tell him so. By the way, that wiring job he mentions came off all right; a nasty, exposed place, but the Peacemaker got his party through without a single casualty, or, as the men always say, "casuality." Taffy writes a much better letter, doesn't he, than your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter IX

Very many thanks for the parcel with the horse-hide mitts and the torch refills, both of which will be greatly appreciated. The mitts are the best things of the kind I've seen for trench work, and, as for electric torches, I really don't know what we should do without them.

I've come below for a sleep, really. Taffy Morgan was very much off color yesterday and is far from fit today. I had to take his duty as well as my own last night, so came off pretty short in the matter of rest. But I must stop just to

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tell you about the lark we had last night; quite the jolliest thing that's happened since we came in, and no end of a score for "A" Company. My batman tells me "B" are mad as hatters about it.

Our signaling officer happened to be along the front yesterday afternoon with a brand-new telescope that someone had sent the C. O., a very fine instrument. Signal wasn't interested in our bit of line, as it happens, but was dead nuts on some new Boche machine gun emplacement or other away on "B's" left. When he was coming back through our line I got him to lend me the new glass while he had some tea and wrote reports in our dug-out. Perhaps you think there is not much need of a telescope when the Boche line is less than a couple of hundred yards away. Well, now you'd hardly believe how hard it is to make things out. At this time of the year the whole of this place is full of mist, for one thing; and then, you see, the ground in front is studded all over with barbed wire, stakes, long rank grass, things thrown out; here and there an old log, and, here and there, of course, a deady body. One has to look along ground level, of course, since to look from a higher level would mean exposure, and I can assure you it is surprisingly easy to miss things. I've wasted a good many rounds myself firing at old rags or bits of wood, or an old cape in the grass among the Boche wire, feeling sure I'd got a sniper. The ground is pretty much torn up, too, by shells and stuff, and that makes it more difficult.

Well, I was looking out from a little sheltered spot alongside the entrance to what we call Stinking Sap. It has rather a rottener smell than most trenches, I think. And all of a sudden I twigged something that waked me right up. It was nothing much—just a shovel sticking up against a little mound. But it led to other things. A yard away from where this shovel lay the C. O.'s fine glass enabled me to make out a gap in the wet, misty grass. You may be sure I stared jolly hard, and presently the whole thing became clear to me. The Boches had run out a new sap to fully sixty yards from their fire trench, which at this particular point

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is rather far from ours—over 250 yards, I suppose. It was right opposite our own Stinking Sap, and I suppose the head of it was not more than 100 yards from the head of Stinking Sap. There was no Boche working there then: not a sign of any movement. I made sure of that. Then I got my compass and trench map and took a very careful bearing. And then I toddled round to company headquarters and got hold of the Peacemaker without letting Signals know anything about it.

Of course, the Peacemaker was delighted. "It is perfectly clear they must have cut it last night," he said. "And as sure as God made little apples, they'll be going on with it tonight. Let's see, the moon rises about 9.45. Splendid! They'll get to work as soon as it's dark."

He was awfully decent about it, and agreed to let me go, since I'd had the luck to spot it. As a matter of fact, he did the more important spotting himself. He twigged what I'd overlooked: a whacking big shell-hole, shallow but wide, about fifteen or twenty feet to one side of their sap-head; an absolutely ideal spot for cover, and no more than a hundred yards from the head of Stinking Sap. I decided to take Corporal Slade with me, because he is such a fine bomber, besides being as cool as a cucumber and an all-around good chap. You remember he was with me that time in Master Boche's trench. Somehow, the thing got round before tea-time and the competition among the men was something awful. When Slade gave it out that I was taking all the men I wanted from No. 1 Platoon, there was actually a fight between one of my lot and a fellow named Ramsay, of No. 3 Platoon; a draper, I'll trouble you, and a pillar of his chapel at home. Then a deputation of the other Platoon Sergeants waited on the Peacemaker, and in the end, to save bloodshed, I agreed to take Corporal Slade and one man from my own Platoon, and one man from each of the other three Platoons. To call for volunteers for work over the parapet with our lot is perfectly hopeless. You must detail your men, or the whole blessed Company would swarm out over the sticks every time, especially if there is the slightest hint of raiding or bombing.

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The Peacemaker's idea was that we must reach that shell-hole from the end of Stinking Sap, if possible, before the Boche started work in his new sap, because once he started, he'd be sure to have a particularly sharp look-out kept, and might very well have a covering party outside as well. Before it was dark my fellows were champing their bits in Stinking Sap, fretting to be off. If one gave the beggars half a chance they'd be out in the open in broad daylight. But, of course, I kept 'em back. There was no reason why Boche should be in a violent hurry to start work, and I was most anxious he shouldn't suspect that we suspected anything.

As it turned out, we were all lying in that shell-hole close to his new sap for three-quarters of an hour before a single Boche made a move. There was a fine rain all the time, and it was pitch dark. The only thing we didn't like was the fact that all the flares and parachute lights ever made seemed to be sent up from the Boche line, right alongside this new sap. However, we lay perfectly still and flat, hands covered and faces down, and as long as you do that all the flares in the world won't give you away much, in ground as full of oddments and unevennesses as that is.

Bye and bye, Slade gave a little tug at my jerkin. I listened hard, and just made out foot-steps, probably in the Boche fire-trench itself, near the entrance to their new sap. Two or three minutes later, we began really to enjoy ourselves. As far as we could make out, Fritz hadn't a notion that we were on to his game. Six or eight of 'em came shuffling alone thet sap, carrying picks and shovels, and jabbering and growling away nineteen to the dozen. We could hear every sound. One fellow, anyhow, was smoking. We got the whiff of that. We could hear 'em spit, and, very nearly, we could hear them breathe. I did wish I knew a little more German than "Donnerwetter" and "Sprechen sie Deutsche?"

I could feel the man on my left (the draper from No. 3) quivering like a coursing greyhound in a leash, and had to whisper to him to wait for the word. But Corporal Slade on my right might have been on the barrack square. I saw him use a match to pick his teeth, while he listened. I'd rehearsed

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my fellows letter perfect in our own trench before we started, and when the Boches were fairly under way digging, I gave the signal with my left hand. There was a bomb in my right. Waiting for it as I was, I could distinctly hear the safety pins come out of six bombs, and could even hear the breathed murmur of the pugnacious draper at my shoulder: "A hundred an' one, a hundred an' two, a hundred an' three!" (He was timing the fuse of his bomb, exactly as I'd told 'em).

And, then, we tore a big hole in the night. Our six bombs landed, one on the edge and the other five plumb in the sap-head before us, right in the middle of the six or eight Boches digging there. Two seconds after they left our hands, they did their job. It was less than two seconds, really. And when the rending row was done, we heard only one Boche moaning, so I knew that at least six or seven were gone West for keeps, and would strafe no more Englishmen.

Now the idea had been that directly our job was done, we should bolt for the head of Stinking Sap. But, while we'd been lying there, it had occurred to me that the Boches, knowing all about what distance bombs could be thrown, and that we must be lying in the open near their sap-head, ought to be able to sweep that ground with machine gun fire before we could get to Stinking Sap, and that, having done that, they would surely send a whole lot more men down their new sap, to tackle what was left of us that way. Therefore, I'd made each of my fellows carry four bombs in his pockets: twenty-four among the lot of us. And we had used only six. Quite enough, too, for the Boches in that sap. Therefore, again, we now lay absolutely still, and just as close as wax, while Fritz rained parachute lights, stars, flares and every kind of firework in the sky, and just as I had fancied, swept his sap-head with at least a thousand rounds of machine-gun bullets, not one of which so much as grazed us, where we lay spread-eagled in the mud of that shell-hole.

And then—dead silence.

"Get your bombs ready, lads," I told my fellows. In another few seconds we heard the Boches streaming along their narrow new sap. They took it for granted we had

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cleared back to our line, of course, and they made no attempt to disguise their coming. In fact, from the rate at which they rushed along that narrow ditch I could almost swear that some, at all events, came without rifles or anything. We waited till the near end of the sap was full, and then: "A hundred and one," &c. We gave 'em our second volley, and immediately on top of it our third. It must have been a regular shambles. Slade and I, by previous arrangement, lobbed ours over as far as ever we could to the left, landing quite near the beginning of the sap, and so getting the Boches, who were only just leaving their own fire trench. Then I laid my hand on the draper to prevent his throwing, and Slade and the other three gave their last volley, and bolted full pelt for Stinking Sap.

There was no bucking at all in the part of the sap near us. The Boches there wouldn't trouble any one any more, I fancy. But a few seconds after Slade disappeared we heard a fresh lot start on their way down the sap from their fire trench. We gave 'em up to about "A hundred and three" and a half, and then we let 'em have our last two bombs, well to the left, and ourselves made tracks like greased lightning for Stinking Sap. The luck held perfectly, and Slade was hauling the draper in over the parapet of Stinking Sap before a sound came from the Boche's machine guns.

What makes "B" Company rather mad is that, strictly speaking, this new Boche sap is a shade nearer their line than ours. The C. O. came up to look at it this morning on the strength of our O. C.'s morning situation report, and was awfully nice to me about it. He said we did well to wait for the Boches coming down from their line after our first scoop, and that plans must be made to fit circumstances, and not held to be ends in themselves; and all that kind of thing, you know—initiative, you know, and so on—very nice, indeed, he was. And the best of it is our artillery has registered on that sap this morning, and this afternoon is just about going to blow it across the Rhine. So, altogether, "A" Company is feeling pretty good, if you please, and has its tail well up. So has your "Temporary Gentlemen."

(*To be continued in the November Forum*)

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FOR MY SAKE, FRIEND

R. S.

I lay upon a bed. They said I died.
I heard the words, and passed to peaceful sleep.

And then I woke.
A sense of sight was mine, of sunrise on
The sea, arousing all the world to light;
A sense of sound prevailed, a harmony
Of all the voices I had ever loved;
A taste of things, of essences so clear
I knew my soul had found its proper food;
A sense of odor, beauty in holiness,
The full fruition of all living things;
A sense of touch unlimited, resistance
But where I willed resistance, perfect peace.
And over all a sense quite new to me
That I was free, might find the things I loved,
And better still would know the things to love,
And best of all that endless choice of good
Before me stretched to yield an endless joy.
From out the past I knew where I would go.
To her: and then to that good fellowship
Of servants who had helped the souls of men:
And when more fit, to Him who had served best,
Who by His grace would find a task for me
To make me welcome to our Father's love.
Impatience, gladness, eagerness were mine,
I willed my Being on, and so I found.
There hosts of souls I loved were welcoming me,
Some I had met, some never met before,
But every soul I knew awaited me.
My mother with the kind and wise and good,
And prophets, teachers, seers, the souls of toil
Who beauty, justice and all good to men
Had found and given, the very souls I loved.
They waited some way off, reserved, dear friends.
Alone before them all my wife stood still,
A soul of healing beauty, light and mirth.
Her happiness with mine was full, our joy
Destroyed all sorrow past. To me she came
Laughing,
And I enfolded her within my soul.
The things which each would tell might wait awhile
For utter gladness in companionship.
But clear and loving purpose guiding her
As ever, she led me on toward them who waited.
With joy and pride and sweet content she drew
Me on, through hosts who made a welcoming way
With tender understanding of her will,
Straight to the strong and gentle soul, the Christ.
Indeed she knew His will for helpfulness.
He would not let me tell my utter shame
But turned it into pride. "We want you here,"
He said, "you have begun to learn of love.
"Go spread it forth with her who taught you it."
And to the left he turned, embracing us:
"Father, they love; they well may serve as one."
The Father willed it so: it was His blessing.

Imaginings! On earth I stay, a man;
And here you live, another man of earth.
Your spirit may not stir to what I tell—
Not every soul to every other speaks—
But if your spirit moves to what mine tells
What further proof of spirit will you ask?
The marks you read, 'till learned, are meaningless,
And knowing them will tell you naught of me.
The words they form will tell you nothing more.
Your intellect may understand their sense,
Their meaning seize while soul looks calmly on.
The thing which I have told, my spirit moves
And if your soul has moved with mine
Then do you join me in the proof of soul.
And if you quickened not, for my sake, friend,
Go back and read the vision I have had.
If then it touch your soul, we'll meet again.

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WHY HUGHES SHOULD BE ELECTED

WILLIAM R. WILLCOX,

Chairman of the Republican National Committee

HE HAS "the habit of straightforward thinking, which means that his words will be correlated with his deeds and translated into facts——"

Here, in a score of words, Colonel Roosevelt stated the essential qualities which absolutely differentiate Charles E. Hughes from Woodrow Wilson—the qualities which make him fit to act as Chief Executive of the Nation. This country needs straightforward thinking in the days that are to come; we need a policy which can direct us at home and abroad—a policy which will be founded upon something more than the whim or the political expediency of the moment; and above all we need a policy which will be correlated with facts as they exist.

In any discussion of our politics it is necessary first to grasp certain fundamentals, which rest on no partisan basis and without which an intelligent comprehension of our affairs is impossible. These fundamentals are denied by William Jennings Bryan, Senator Stone, Representative Kitchin and certain other party leaders and committee chairmen of Democratic persuasion, but elsewhere have support which ranges from verbal assent to the most profound conviction.

Here are the fundamentals.

The United States is a world power and must be administered as such; we have escaped the entangling alliances of which Washington spoke, but we have the entanglements without the alliances; being a world power, it is impossible to administer national affairs in a small town way, and we cannot escape our duties and obligations by declaring that they do not exist.

Our nation lacks the racial solidarity and nationality which are essential to the best progress.

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We have expanded our production beyond the normal buying power of our own people; and we must sell abroad to maintain prosperity at home. We must be nationally efficient or we cannot sell.

In the present state of world civilization we cannot be safe without the instrumentalities and personnel for *military and naval defense.*

As a complement to our foreign trade we need an overseas merchant marine to carry our products.

Business should be constructively regulated and working conditions and wages made fair both to employer and employee.

A citizen venturing beyond the boundaries of the United States does not, by the very act, convict himself of moral turpitude.

These general principles were not accepted by President Wilson at the beginning of his administration, but he now gives at least a verbal acquiescence to all. They have also been accepted in the Democratic platform, and the Democrats, with the exception of the leaders noted, give them lip service.

When we leave the simple statement of these postulates we find the two parties and the two candidates following diverging paths. The Republican Party offers definite remedies. The Democratic Party offers grounds for discussion.

The Future of the Country

What is the task ahead of the country? *We are now prosperous, and we are rapidly becoming the world's storehouse of gold because we are working for the world that is in arms.* It does not require an astute political economist to trace our present prosperity to the war-time needs of the belligerent nations. It was their urgent demand for munitions and for foodstuffs that, dropped like a stone into our economic pond, sent the ripples of prosperity into every quarter. The foreign nations have not now goods to sell us or cannot send them over—the selling is all in one direction—

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and hence we find *our industries protected in spite of the Underwood tariff.*

This prosperity has not come upon us as the legitimate result of sound and efficient national policies, but it is solely transient, and, while temporarily valuable, can only be retained by making ourselves fit to compete with the world when the war ends. *We know from the past that the terrible ordeal of a great war does not, as might be expected, leave the warring nations prostrate. Rather they go forward mightily in the energy of desperation.* As Justice Hughes said on January 14, 1916, before the New York State Bar Association: "We are living at a time when men and women in a large part of the world are undergoing a discipline unrivaled in its severity and are exhibiting a heroism that has never been surpassed. Let it not be supposed that those who survive will lack the strength which such sacrifice and such discipline must give. Let us not content ourselves with the comfortable thought of hardships we have escaped, but rather reflect upon the vigor, self-discipline and patriotic ardor, which alone can make us worthy of opportunity or able to use it."

The Fight for Trade

It will be necessary for us to fight in the world of trade. We must be prepared for peace, and to be so prepared we must safeguard our great home markets and extend a normal competitive trade into foreign markets—we shall not get the foreign markets by default. To further these ends, we must co-ordinate government and industry upon a basis that will beget the highest efficiency in each, and we must also hold to a firm and well considered foreign policy that will strengthen both our commercial and political foreign relations.

Our foreign policy, in the days to come, will have a more vital and intimate meaning to the citizens of this country than ever before. Our great store of gold will be viewed with envious eyes by our great trade rivals—England and Germany; they will wage a commercial war beside which the military battles of to-day will be insignificant in strategy and

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in mass. And if we are to be properly prepared for peace we must also be prepared for war; we must be in the position to command respect throughout the world; not the fear of the bully, but the respect which is tendered to the firm, soft-spoken man who is known to be thoroughly capable of going through with whatever he undertakes. This means that we need a navy of sufficient size to be a real first line of defense and an army organization which can quickly take the field to meet an invader on at least equal terms. *And this army and navy must exist in blood and iron and not in the portfolio of the politician.*

America First

The war abroad has taught us that our population is not united and that it does not always consider "America first." Some of the representatives of each of the belligerent countries, whom we thought were component parts of our own system, *have demonstrated that they think more of their native than they do of their adopted land.* And we have also discovered that a considerable portion of our immigrants come to live *among* us but not *of* us. This condition is not the fault of the newcomers, but of ourselves, and we can meet the situation only by helping them to become real citizens of our great nation; we do not help them by epithets.

Throughout our whole business and political organization is a great waste which must be eliminated if we are to hold the position which we now have, to say nothing of going forward to a more commanding position. Neither labor nor capital are in mutual adjustment; both are dissatisfied. Probably both would be satisfied if the present waste could be turned into profit. A more intense nationalization is imperative.

These are the big questions that are before us for solution; I have merely indicated their fundamental scope and have not gone into their infinite detail. But it will be noticed that they are all national questions—they have to do with the whole body of the nation in its internal and external relations.

Are national questions best answered by a party section

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or a nation? By words that are only words or by words that connote deeds?

The normal Democratic Party derives the bulk of its support from the South, Tammany Hall and the city of Boston. The principles of the party are free trade and state's rights, which found their genesis in the South. Tammany and Boston tagged on because of local conditions and not because they were ever in harmony with the creed. These men are constitutionally incapable of national vision; they are either patriarchs or demagogues in their communities—sometimes a little of both.

Southern pork has been included in every administrative measure of importance—the government nitrate plant to be located in the South, the uplift of certain useless Southern navy yards, the militia bill to favor certain friends of Chairman Hay and to pay a stipend to impecunious voters, the twisting of the Federal Reserve Act to serve Democratic communities. A careful examination of all the bills upon which the Administration prides itself will show that the bills were only passed after the interests of the South had been well provided for. The national viewpoint is absent; the Democratic Congressmen see the United States as a collection of States and as nothing more. It is a matter of supreme indifference to them when a citizen of the United States is murdered beyond our borders; *in almost every debate on foreign affairs* contained in the Congressional Record *you will find Democrats interpolating remarks to the effect that our citizens have no business in foreign countries.* Because these men do not conceive of a nation they cannot understand national measures.

A party of this limited intelligence is scarcely a party to trust with the affairs of a great nation at a time when broad constructive intelligence is so important. But the Democratic Party, as a party, has been in restraint during these majority years. They have altered measures. They have been rambumptious one day and sullen the next, but, in the main, they have permitted President Wilson to manage them—they have learned, though not very graciously, to

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jump when he cracks the whip and not to reason why. Occasionally they must be fed to keep them in even moderately tractable humor.

Therefore the Democratic Administration stands or falls on the record of President Wilson and his direct appointees. Has that record been such as to warrant his return for another four years?

President Wilson's record has been extensively reviewed by the Republican candidate. I do not wonder that the Democrats protest loudly that this record should not be critically examined.

First, look at the men whom President Wilson picked as his advisers! There is William Jennings Bryan, who could not stand the pace; it is not necessary to comment upon his statesmanly abilities. We still have Josephus Daniels; would it not be sheer waste of public funds to build a great navy under his guidance? The only man of real ability in the whole cabinet—Lindley M. Garrison—resigned because he would not learn the administration trick of doing and not doing at the same moment.

Foreign Policy

Has President Wilson had a foreign policy either across the Atlantic or below the Rio Grande? He has either had all possible policies or none. I can only compare his foreign policy to a shifty weather vane which registers all zephyrs and yields to every gust of the wind.

We know what has happened in Mexico. We know how hopelessly our relations with all the European belligerents have been muddled in spite of a long series of miasmic "diplomatic victories." *We have seen the destruction of the belief that an American citizen is entitled to the protection of his country wherever he may be.*

The President has asserted his abhorrence of "dollar diplomacy"; he has termed the men who go abroad to make their fortunes "adventurers" and "exploiters." He killed a participation in a loan which would increase our markets

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in China. And he also counsels the expansion of our merchants into the foreign trade!

The other day the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee proudly published a list of the important progressive measures passed by the Administration. There were twenty in the list; an examination disclosed that eight of them had been signed by President Taft. The Federal Reserve Act was a direct result of the investigations of the previous Republican Administration and was the Republican act, somewhat shorn and twisted to meet the strong sectional objections of the Democratic members.

What has the Republican candidate to offer? Possibly my comment on the Democratic record has been destructive; but it is necessary to clear a wilderness before going to the planting.

Hughes' Record in New York State

Take Charles E. Hughes, the man! He has seen the government from the point of the executive as Governor of the State of New York and from the judicial as a member of the highest court of the nation. And in both of these places he has always followed the course of well-informed, sound and fearless intelligence.

His record in New York State is recent enough to be familiar. It is a record of trustworthy common sense and remarkable progressiveness.

No sound idea of Mr. Hughes' administration in New York State can be gained merely from the direct primary fight, the insurance fight, the reorganization of the State administration and the achievement of adequate public service regulation. During his administration the field of social legislation was more thoroughly plowed than it had ever been in New York State, and perhaps in any State. In 1909, in his annual message, Hughes introduced a policy the influence of which has become nation-wide—workmen's compensation; a provision for an automatic compensation system to replace the fallacious "Employers' Liability" policy, which had gained a strong and dangerous hold on the industrial life of

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this country. The Workmen's Compensation Act of 1910 gave this country its first draft, in tentative form, of a principle recognized and generally applied in nearly every other advanced industrial country years before. He greatly improved the system of factory inspection of the State by adding more and more expert inspectors to the work (1907). He definitely and wisely limited the hours of labor of women and children according to certain years and classes (1907). The application of the ten-hour law for street railways employees was also extended from cities of 100,000 population to cities of 50,000 and upwards, thus adding to New York, Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse the cities of Albany, Troy, Utica, Schenectady and Yonkers (1907). An act—vigorously advocated by the railway brotherhoods—providing for payment of wages by steam railways twice a month instead of once a month (1908). An act for facilitating and specifying the means of the enforcement of sanitary provisions in factories (1908). A measure designating the number of occupations in which children under 16 may not be employed. And an amendment of the eight-hour law and the law concerning the employment of children in mercantile establishments, in order clearly to define their scope as originally intended (1909).

Mr. Hughes has many other distinctly social measures to his credit; but he showed himself equally courageous to combat false theories. An instance was his veto of the two-cent fare bill which was introduced into the legislature after the enforcement by the railroads of certain annoying requirements in the sale of mileage books. It made investigation impossible as to the fairness of a two-cent rate. The new Public Service Commission, his own creation, was to take office within three weeks and had the rate-making power. "Injustice on the part of railroad corporation toward the public," said Governor Hughes in his veto message, "does not justify injustice on the part of the State toward the railroad corporation. The action of the government should be fair and impartial, and upon this every citizen, whatever his interest, is entitled to insist. * * * Where a matter requires investigation in order that a just result may be reached,

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the obvious course is to create a body which can investigate with expert assistance as summarily as possible and which shall have adequate power to make appropriate orders. Such a body has been created in this State through the Public Service Commission law recently enacted."

Thus Governor Hughes, in marked contrast to the record of Mr. Wilson in his recent attempt to deal with railroads, refused to act precipitately without investigation. He thereby adhered strictly to the principle of arbitration through the instrument which he himself had provided. Is it possible to imagine Mr. Hughes as a vacillating president? Is it possible to imagine him as other than a strong man seeing clearly the main issue and going forward, in firm preparedness, to meet it? And are those not the qualities which we now so sorely need?

The question is often asked what would Mr. Hughes have done in the situations in which President Wilson from time to time found himself? I cannot answer such a question, for I cannot think of Mr. Hughes as getting himself into such diplomatic brambles as President Wilson continually stumbled into. The daily crisis with Germany, England, Austria or Mexico—to which we have become so accustomed during the last three years—is only the inevitable sequence to the abandonment of the national duty to protect American lives and property throughout all the world and on sea or land. Mr. Hughes would have neither abridged nor abandoned that duty.

It is not necessary here to argue the principle of protection; it has now been adopted by nearly all nations and the Democratic Party has adopted it in principle through the vain and shifty expedient of an "anti-dumping" act which is unworkable. Every attempt to destroy the principle of a protective tariff has brought disaster to our country.

But, over and above all, the united Republican Party is a truly national party. *It represents all sections of the land and they view the United States as a nation and not as a collection of States.* The importance of that attitude cannot be exaggerated.

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RAW LAND

KATE SMITH

PART II

JUNE 20—This has been the first summery seeming day. The warmth of the sun drew a rattler from his hiding place to enjoy it at full length in the hot sand. Unfortunately, he chose to lie directly in the path down the hill that leads to the stage. I was escorting a friend, who was returning to civilization, when we came upon him. He never batted an eye as she walked in front of him, nor did she. But she did not see him. I was just behind her and stopped up suddenly at sight of his tail. It was beastly unfair of me. I picked up a large stone and landed it squarely upon his forequarters, having aimed at his death-dealing head. That is always the way. We go a thousand times near danger and danger lets us go unharmed. Then we hunt danger out, molest it, are hurt by it, and place it on a list of fearful things to be destroyed at sight. As with every one of his kind I have seen—and that is a good many—he at once gave a warning rattle, square beast that he is, and then started fast as he could away from his danger. Not till I pursued and hit him again did he turn and try to strike. I finished my cruel, but I thought necessary, work and left him in a twist against a giant sage where he had tried to hide. I marked the sage by tying my handkerchief to a flower stalk and went on to the stage, meaning to stop when I came back to be sure he was dead, not merely hurt. I met some men a few yards on and told them he was there for fear he just might crawl into their unseeing path. When I came back they had pulled him out of the sage and taken his rattles. Later I saw them going away again and they asked if I wished the trophy. Not I. They told me an excited tale of how he was not nearly dead and had struck at them repeatedly. I have my doubts as to his not being nearly dead, though his jaws probably did work on. They wanted an adventure to tell. I could

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never have been unkind enough to take those rattles even had I wanted them.

June 21—Today I saw the first little cock quail running about alone. Nor was he disconsolate like one unwillingly left alone. To be sure, after a time he mounted the top of a lone small oak and sounded his call long, loud, and much.

June 22—No! The lady quail was not homekeeping. Poor thing! Presently she came in answer to his insistent call, came limping. I tried to throw some grain to her, but, of course, great, unaccustomed, fearsome animal that I am, only sent them flying away. However, I have scattered a beautiful meal in two places near my window, and I know I shall catch them at it, for they come close to the house when they do not see me spying upon them.

June 25—Today has been the day of a great fight. Out under the tree I saw an ant staggering along as usual under a load as big as himself. Half the time he seemed to be pulled backward by it. I dropped down to see what he had, and discovered the cause of his uncertain movements. It was a tousling sporty fight that would have pleased a Reno enthusiast. Two red-headed, gray-ended ants, one just the least bit smaller than the other, were locked in a death grip. The smaller one's jaws were set on one jaw of the larger one, which was pulling and wooling it about in a seeming effort to jerk loose. Their hind legs clutched frantically about, seizing upon bits of leaf, of root, of bark, to which they clung, rolling over and over with it, then letting go to straighten out and begin again, never once loosening their grip on each other. At last, each one got a foot brace on a small rock, and there they lay for minutes, antennae groping, but otherwise perfectly still. Members of their tribe came, took a look with their feelers, and, wisely deciding it was none of their business, went on their jerky way. Presently they were at it again. Over and over they rolled, the big one flinging the other over its shoulder with a ju-jitsu ease and abandon that looked bad for the little one. He was game, though. But who is not where his life seems at stake, or a leg, or two, or six? Back and forth across a three-foot arena they wres-

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tled, coming to occasional clinches where they found solid foothold, then pulling loose and beginning the ju-jitsu movement again. I trust it was not interference with the divine plan, but I wanted to see the finish, so I walled them in with a little circle of stones. What difference could it make—six feet or six inches to fight over? I had other affairs that needed watching betimes and their methods lacked diversity. I bet on the little one. He had a mighty grip. Oh, silly, silly ones! I can never understand ants. Over and over they rolled in what I thought the death struggle, bits of mold, leaf, and bark flying. The tiny whirlwind subsided. They were apart, and each fighter began his jerking, perpetual search, out over my ramparts and away, with never a trace of ill-will. They did not even brush themselves off. Humph!

June 26—How generous the mimulus is! Here it is, nearly midsummer dryness, and in the most forbidding-to-flower places she nods gayly, clinging to rocky banks, knee deep in sandy places, all over open fields, her yellow, in all shades, from nearly white through maize and pure yellow to nearly red, appears, a joyous and joy-giving dash of color. I like the common name—monkey flower. And the tall and slender pink, her flaming tip swaying gracefully. Is it any wonder her friend, the hummer, caresses her so often?

July 1—The ground squirrel, thief, skulk, coward, audacious one, rat with a bushy tail! Nothing is safe from him! He climbs and digs, goes over and under and through! He digs up all seeds that are big enough for him to set his teeth in. He trims every leaf off everything that grows. Four times already has he spoiled the garden. I planted it for mother's pleasure, not for my profit, so it is she he has robbed. She hates him and I shall have to punish him.

July 2—Where are the quail? I hear them call, but I have seen only three in as many days. One lonely cock I stirred out of a brush heap and he pattered swiftly and silently out of sight again. Nor can I find a nest.

July 4—The only flag in the valley today flies over the cottage of a happy-go-busy Austro-Hungarian pair of Americans. They live in their ground-level kitchen with a

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sand-scoured floor, reserving the rest of the house for sleeping; and I've not discovered what. She wears gold earrings that dangle; they keep a herd of goats and speak German; and today they stay home to sell wine. Everyone else is going somewhere in celebration, even though he hates the where, but they celebrate by flying the flag, the only one all up and down the countryside. They work hard, are cheerful, make good, honest wine, and keep the law in its selling. They belong under the flag.

July 8—From the hammock I look toward the high mountains. A shimmering blue veil of heat and mist softens their sharpest, craggiest places and makes them appear remote. They have almost a gentle look and certainly an air of mystery profound. They are bare of trees save for an occasional serrated giant that lodges against the pale blue of the sky. Just now, at midday, they, too, are softened and might be black steeples, or derricks, or smudges, rising above the peaks and clefts where they cling. Low bushes hide all but the slanting roof of my neighbor's cottage. Like blown bits of paper, swallows rise swiftly over his house. They show black against the gray and blue of the mountains. Round and about they skim, joying in their wings. One just now tested his wings in rising flight against the wind. He flapped mightily, then came down with a skimming long glide that looked great fun. It reminded me of trudges up endless hills in heavy snow, dragging a sled for the joyous swift descent. Back and forth they circle, rising, falling, sometimes darting under the eaves where cleats have been nailed by my good-hearted neighbor for their little mud houses. I am glad for all reasons they are on his house instead of mine. But certainly they seem to speak security, peace, happiness, in their circling play. Musing over them, my fancy saw today the distant steady approach of a slender bird, long of leg and white of look, bringing a precious, noisy burden. Saw it sail with outstretched wings and rigid trailing legs, pause for a moment over the house top, then fly with its burden under the porchway. The women folks have been fashioning such dainty garments, working a

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wealth of love and welcome into each dainty piece. She talks and coos to the homekeeping swallows, who turn their gay-colored heads and look at her wisely and, I think, with understanding. High overhead hang three lazy black shadows, circling slowly, hardly moving. What do they suggest, those buzzards? I do not hate them, I do not like them. But they belong.

July 9—All suddenly the green and white have gone. Its passing was swift. Gradually it crept across the hills until for nearly a week a sea of white-topped greasewood billowed on every side. High above the waves the Spanish dagger reared its white-trimmed masts. The wilderness half of my acres slopes up enough to command an outlook to all sides. Every afternoon during this reign of green and white I have made my way through to the high ground to watch it undulate from side to side of the valley and away to the east and west. My scientist friends tell me it is not greasewood, but they do not tell me what it is, only what it is not. Common folks hereabout call it greasewood, so greasewood it is to me. Yesterday the white look of the valley began to fade; today it is gone. Brown, a soft, hiding color, has covered it all. Ground squirrel thieves have scampered up and down the tall stem of the Spanish dagger, cutting away the fragrant white bells, leaving them stark and bare.

A king snake glittered into the garden patch today. He is made of gutta percha, gaily painted black and faint yellow in crosswise stripes, then touched with scarlet between the stripes. It was a sad day for us to meet. I came upon him suddenly as I was a-hoeing. He wriggled in bright folds into a bit of sage and lay quite still only a foot or so away. Knowing his way of swallowing whole rattlers longer even than himself I wished him to live. Now, to mother, a snake is a snake. A small head with no poison pockets pouching means nothing. Snakes bite. She knows they do—all of them. As I stirred at the glittering one gently with my hoe, telling him to leave while yet there was time, mother's interested little face came to the window, asking what I had

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there. I answered indifferently. "Oh, a little creature." But she sensed the snake and needs must be told. "Kill it," she commanded. "Don't let it get away. I'll never have another minute without fear if you don't." In vain I talked of his harmless disposition and valuable habits, meanwhile stirring at him and admonishing him to run fast and far. He folded and unfolded himself brightly and, like a true fatalist, accepted what came. When mother's horrified face made the blow fall, he shielded his tapering head under fold after fold of his rubbery body. All limp and broken, except as to tail, I carried him far from the house and buried him under a spadeful of dust. Then only could mother go quietly back to her sewing. The pity of it! To have such fear of a harmless, helpful outdoor thing!

July 10—Today I heard the first quail call for a week. It was low, broken and brief. Another week or so and they should come forth with patriarchal air, a tiny colony behind them. It will be a timorous leader, though.

July 14.—Mid-July but not midsummer yet, even in California, where summer begins in May and ends with the coming of late September rain. The Californian loves the season of dry, changing colors, the season of browns. In fact, one may not claim the title who still longs for a green July. In the valley just now gray is king. The white sage—false name—covers all the wide-open spaces and fills in between the greasewood. All the delicate pastel shades are in its clustered spikes. I came upon a clump at sunset that looked too fair to be real. The light upon and beyond it clothed it with somewhat of the mystery that veils the mountains. Fairly under a spell of delight, I went nearer to see why it looked opalescent. Above the green-gray of the leaves rose flower stalks higher than my head, with stems of the red-purple now fashionable for blond, stout forties. Over this reddishness a shimmering bloom like that on a plum. The flowers pale-blue and lavender. There you have it—red, purple, gray, green, blue, lavender, and a few yellow browns, all on one stalk. Beside this colorful one, a sister less florid, all pale green-gray and blues that were nearly

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white. Somewhat greener gray than the sage, the milkweed seems to need its thick stem to hold up nut-sweet flower heads which affect touches of the same reddish purple. Grayer than either—so gray, in fact, that against a new growth of greasewood they seem to have no green at all—is the yellow-flowered tarweed. One especially gray, one not yet in bloom, has twining among it the slender-stemmed pink, its scarlet blossoms a rarely beautiful dash of color against the gray. In the sandy open spots a gray-green buckwheat, its red and yellow flowers of pinhead size, looks to my ignorance a plant of only branching stem and flower, no leaf.

But all my near and dear gray garden is fated. Ground-breaking has begun, which is heart-breaking to me. Nothing but the urgent interest of family and friends and the feeling that I owe some accounting for my days in the wilderness would ever make me transform and ruin it. Early this morning two of my quail brought their hearty, numerous family under my window for review. Not that they guessed my presence. But plowed and harrowed, no milkweed to hide behind nor sage to dodge under, I know they will go elsewhere. Two lithe, six-foot young men in their early twenties are picking stones from the ground. Just now they dug out a great bowlder and together swung it to the top of the wagon load. Lean, strong and easy, they were beautiful in action. Then they climbed on and drove to the line where the wall is to be. How red they were, and perspiring, and dust-grimed. But they laughed as they worked. Nearly all of life before them and full of hope in its promise, they are of the two favored classes; the other, the old who, with nearly all of life behind them, have content in its fulfillment. Speaking of the quail family, this seems to be vacation time for father quail. He is quite in evidence again, calling from bush tops and trees, but no longer do I see devoted couples running about, either father alone or the family as today. My belief is that the babies fly from the shell, they are at it so soon, cunning two-inch puff balls.

July 16—Heat must be faith, for it removes mountains. This very hot day the mountains have closed in upon me

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till they edge my happy acres, and, with their familiarity, have lost their mystery and charm. They are harsh, hard, and hot, solid, very bulky and low. Heat removes green also. The lower slopes turned yellow over night where before they were velvety green. The hills have moved in, but wisely have they kept their greens, blues, and purples. After three days of three times daily marching up and down the hill to the stage my tomato plants have come, a sorry, wilted thousand, kept in the freight room by a stupid clerk because the bill had not come with them. Of course, he is not brilliant; if he were, he would be managing the road instead of selling tickets in his shirt sleeves and helping amateur farmers to failure in their plantings and wrath in their hearts. Little mother, temporarily my housemate, looked at me with Sunday-keeping determination in her eyes when they were brought up, so I hastened to say that I would water them down today and begin planting at daylight tomorrow.

July 18—Yesterday as the sun came level with the earth I was dressed for the field, for a thousand tomato plants waited and an acre of light, dry ground was lined with furrows. Little mother joined me under the tree and we held a consultation over the drooping plants. Then, with a pair of scissors and an unfailing knowledge of what's best to do, she sat down to prune away the withered tops and sprouts. I carried away with me the first several dozens, and from a tap put in for the purpose started the water nosing and gurgling down the first furrow. About six feet apart I dropped the plants; then, the furrow full of water, I sent the flow into the next one and began the planting. Over the roots I drew the black wet soil and pressed it firmly. Back and forth to the tree I went for more plants. The sun was high overhead and hot—*hot*. Hundreds of sheared plants stood in sturdy rows. I looked at those yet under the tree. Another day could make them no worse, poor drooping things that hated the baggage room, and I, too, was hot, very hot, and drooping. A few hours' rest from the sun, and then again I set plants in wet rows and covered the roots down well. Darkness drove me, weary, to bed, but dawn found me again

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in the field, and today, by a Christian rising hour, more than 850 tomato plants grew in my garden. So closely have we pruned them that from the window they show only faintly green rows.

July 20—Already the tomato plants have sent out tiny new green leaves. The field shows quite green from the window, to mother's delight. Fewer than a dozen have died. What sturdy weeds they are! I like their pungent odor.

July 22—Last night the farm deserved a chronicle. It had wrung from me two long hot days at the rake. But my bones were full of pain! My heart cursed tomatoes and the madness that made me plant them in hopes of winter pin money. As my arms grew leaden, my hands cramped, reaching out and pulling in, reaching out and pulling in. I had visions of a September glutted market. While my hands blistered I saw tomatoes rotting, the ground red where I was raking away roots and weeds and leveling off the ditches. As I sizzled in the sun I saw an early frost wilt down the last leaf and rob me of my riches. But the last row level and trim, the whole acre showing a good growing green and neat as a garden, I strutted to the house and proudly fetched mother to see. She heaped praises for the look of it all enough to satisfy even me. How she loves a vegetable in the growing! With all her fondness for flowers, she never seems to get the satisfaction from any flower that vegetables give her. She says they seem sensate to her. I can never quite decide whether this fondness is an expression of the practical side of her nature or a reversion to her young days, a love for the things which were a part of a happy childhood on the farm.

When the rake grew so heavy I could not go on without resting, I leaned on it and loved the colors off down the valley. It was hazy bright, which means great diversity as one looks over mountains, hills, raw land, vineyard, cypress group, and fresh young blue gum.

This evening I carried water to the imprisoned small eucalyptus trees and found two drooping. We had four days of heat, and, foolishly, I took everybody's advice and did

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not water them. *Never*—no more advice from anybody! So far the tomato venture is a success in that respect. No one of the interested ones has felt the need of telling me all about it.

Up in the raw land I startled a heavy dove, which rose with a creaking sound, as though its wings needed oiling. It lumbered but a short distance and settled, creaking. Then, as I came on, rose again. The third time it flew far away. I do not care for its noises. I often hear them sounding their double notes in melancholy away back and forth across the valley.

July 24—I miss the flight of my neighbor's swallows. It seems they became unwelcome guests because of the mites they harbor. He had to send them right about. And they looked so innocent—a thing of delight. Whereas the buzzards, watchful and sinister to see, are birds of good standing.

The other bird came one hottest day, and a pink little girl now beats the air with tiny crumpled fist as you disturb the covers to see her puckered face. Her mother's brown eyes are very soft with love. They are beautiful, kindly people. The wee maid was favored of the gods when they sent her to this new home.

Bert brought a much desired olla to the ranch that same day, and for a surprise had some ice cream packed into it. There was a dish all around. The olla, dressed in a gunny sack, the better to keep it wet and cool, stands under the tree. We make frequent pilgrimages to it these very warm days.

July 25—The plowed ground nearest the house is to be my nursery. I went out casually yesterday to rake it into shape for seed planting, thinking to do it in an hour. I spent two, and as dark came on made a bonfire of the roots and weeds I had cleared away. This afternoon, armed with spadefork and mattock, I went below the surface and dripped with the exertion of pulling out more roots and stones. But the seeds are in, enough for two acres.

No more city flowers for me out here. Yesterday I gathered four large bundles of wild flower seeds and put

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them away to dry out. I mean to get a full collection and scatter them about the house so that as the wilderness disappears I may still have its beauty. I have plans in mind for sage-brush borders, greasewood and Spanish dagger clumps, patches of scarlet larkspur and canterbury bells, beds of the delicate ones that come in rotation. The early flowers are gone completely now, of course, but the brilliant pink centaury, sky-blue lobelia, and many small white and pale yellow plants that have grown so hardily in the hot sand, are being carefully treasured for next year.

August 1—A chain of murders lies at my door, yet I sleep soundly with no fear of the hand of the sheriff on my arm. I exult in my crimes. The ground squirrel dug up my corn five times, ate the leaves off my beans, trimmed off the finest flowers near my house. Into a neatly spliced raisin I placed a few grains of strychnine and set them to guard the garden. He had learned—wizard that he is—that fresh turned earth meant a feast for him, so of late he has not waited for as tender bits of green to show him where a seed lay buried, but as soon as my back was well turned has gone along the row and deftly uncovered corn, bean or pea the first day of its planting. I planted the raisins. In an hour or two I noticed the ground was disturbed. But not for some hours did I learn truly his fate. This is the way I found out. Along came the neighbor's lanky, yelping, demonstrative cur pup, found a dead squirrel, ate of it, went home to die and be thrown into the brush. I was at work in the tomato patch when he lumbered up, barking and jumping upon me, breaking over plants and making himself generally disagreeable. Urged by a well aimed clod, he retired to prowl about the house and then go home. A few hours later, when the girl brought my daily pint of fresh milk, she told me excitedly of Bismarck's unexpected, swift death. We decided then that it indicated poison, though not till an hour later, when I found the mangled squirrel, did I trace the deed to my own hand. Ground squirrel, cur pup, perhaps coyote, maybe buzzard. But who cares? I gladly miss both thievery and yelping. As I read this hard-hearted exultation

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I realize that country hardness is taking the place of the soft sympathies I brought out. I quake with terror to think what a Jack Hardcastle I will become, seeing only crops and hens and cows as worth while.

August 10—The dog days are here. There has always been a nasty tang to that phrase, like a stuffy smell that goes past your nose to stick on your palate. Sweat and listlessness, rank weeds and drooping plants, moulting and snake bites—these are what dog days are made of. And dogs, hot, droopy, cross, stinking dogs that snap at your ankles if they can find energy. For a week I have hated life and I like to blame it on the dog days. In my heart I know better. To-day has been cool and I have worked like a fiend—planting, hoeing, watering. Confound those tomato seeds! Only a little dozen lie in the long smooth bed I got aches over making! I think the ground grew so dry during four days I spent in town playing that they shriveled in their shells. I fear they are of the pitiful ones in the hall of the unborn who must wait there for eternity. The upper fellows are lusty, though. They have taken their season of neglect lightly and seemingly enjoy a gay, busy existence the better for it. Last night, as I swung under the stars, all alone in the great windy hall of the night, I could be almost as glad as my weedy tomatoes, feeling within myself the power to grow on and be strong. A star shone so brightly in at the window it woke me.

August 11—The crimson larkspur has the daintiest cup for its seeds. A three-part chalice it is, capped till the seeds are dry. Then the upper edges curve outward, showing the wind and the sky the treasure that it holds. And me! For I turned the clustered chalices and shook the precious contents into a paper sack, carefully allowing some to spill by the wayside for another season's glory. My ceiling is quite lined with sacks of drying seeds.

August 12—The quail are all through the brush in great flocks. Their tracks, one set so primly in front of the other, are everywhere. But they seldom call now except very early or once in awhile at dusk, when otherwise they seem quarrel-

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ing and chuckling at each other in the tree where they roost. I wonder if they shove with their elbows. Down the road there is a great field of sage. It seems that the land was once cleared, then neglected, and the sage has reclaimed it. The red in the sage has run through the flower stalks like wine. From the upper part of my land—the still raw part—I can see the red-purple patch where it lies between a green vineyard and a gray rocky wash. The greasewood flowers have turned a biscuit brown. It is hot and everywhere very dusty. I have worn curvy paths about my place and in and out. I dug about the tomato plants to see whether they needed irrigation. It is moist under the surface, although they have gone two weeks now without water. The ground holds its moisure well for so light a soil. One bumptious plant is in bloom. From the window a green farm lies where it was beautiful gray.

August 16—Silly seeds, and sillier me! After sprinkling and scratching, and sprinkling and hoeing, I gave up and ran off to the city! Bless me, when I came back to plant more seeds, were those first ones not struggling, sickly and yellow, up in the line where the dozen first ones that came seasonably and sanely up are in full leaf. I put no faith in yellow nor in anæmic plants, so the nursery holds three more long rows of seeds. And here I shall stay a month if need be to see them up and doing.

August 17—Cold! I woke to a gray morning, a misty world of wonder, with hills and mountains blotted out, and only a few dark, formless things looming, swirled about with gray. By noon the wind came up the valley and folded the mist back before it, leaving only a haze over all and a feeling of fall in the air. There are lovely bugs in this world. Yesterday I chanced on half a dozen as I sat in the grass by the roadside waiting for the stage. The first was a big fellow, with a black slim body that was iridescent like a peacock's tail. His legs were long and black and he flew noisily and with certainty on orange colored wings. Two others must be cousins. I mistook the first one for a prickly seed as he lay in a weed patch, till he began to crawl. He looks to me like

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a spider with black legs and a body covered with fuzz just the color of dried weed stalks. His cousin is like him, but his fuzz is scarlet. Another had two apple green wings that folded to look like a quarter-inch tent, and had black and pink markings. And yet another red and black one reminded me of "stink-bugs" known in childhood, still hateful because of the odor when crushed. There is a large glossy black bug that walks slowly about the world with the ease of a rheumatic old man. When you touch his varnished body he has a most amusing way of pushing his head against the ground, which tilts his body into a fine attitude for spanking He is a funny fellow.

August 19—Busy times down on the farm! A field rat, with wide, large ears, suicided in my water tub last night, with his eyes open and whiskers pointing. I buried him with decent honors and a spadeful of earth in a grave that the water had dug. Found and squashed three large green tomato worms. They must have been glad to die, for their skins were too tight for any comfortable living. When I came back from the store a slithery red racer—I don't like them—more than a yard long was out by the steps gulping down a young lizard, who was going in tail first, without a squeak, and still wearing the benign look of his kind as his head and last hand vanished. It looks uncomfortable to eat food without chewing. I saw a lizard swallow a fat worm a third as long as himself in a series of swallows that looked choking and hasty to me. And he and this snake kept on swallowing after there was no sign but a kicking along the under side to show that a dinner had been sent down. And to have one's dinner clawing about and protesting afterward would not be restful, to say the least.

August 25—Back-to-the-land metamorphoses! I grow fearless, hard, practical. My new tomato seeds are up, thick as the hair on a dog's back. I threw a stone at a brown bird that was chirping and chewing down along them to-day! A brown bird that has been an intimate friend of mine! He was taking mean advantage of my hospitality and the bread crumbs he scoldingly receives. When a flock of two dozen

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young quail, tenants and heretofore greatly admired proteges, started chattering across my nursery right under the scare-birds, and stopped to peck, I nearly jumped through the screen at them. But they *did* whirr as they scattered. Last night I forgot to lock my door. My heart-thumping fears of the country seem gone. At times a vague uneasiness remains, but it, too, seems slipping, though I still keep my six-shooter handy. I am ready, even anxious, to sacrifice the sumach I have loved and the scrub-oaks that stand in the way of young trees. In a fine rage I uprooted a thistle that grew rank in my garden. But I am not wholly lost, for I loved its blossom even as I did so. But Dr. Jekyll, beware how you pamper Edward Hyde!

August 26. Morning! The world is full of splendor! It is as though I saw it for the first time, saw it with the fresh wondering eyes of a new created being come into it without the pangs of birth! It is still early and the colors are sharp and distinct like those on a ground glass. Nothing can compare with the blues that lie in every fold of the mountains. They are intense and only in the folds, not all over in a veil, so that they make the mountains look uncommonly rugged and of almost prismatic beauty. It is all freshness, exceedingly clear, rare freshness, without a suggestion of dewiness. I have never seen a desert or semi-desert valley retain such depth and variety of color in late summer as this one does. Off down the valley are clumps of reddish purple, of yellow, of brown, of green gray, of blue, of amethyst. The stillness and the look of the sun promise great heat at noon. Even then under the tree it will be cool and delightful.

Yesterday, the wind had a most serious curvature of the spine. It was violent up the valley with writhing pillars of dust to mark its twists and contortions. Round and round it whirled all day, gathering up eddies of leaves, making them dance madly, often hurling them against the screen. I took down my bath-room to prevent its flapping to death. In the afternoon, it clouded over in an agonized effort to rain. The sky was heavily overcast, so with the wind and the clouds for companions I betook me to my garden. There were at least a

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dozen tomatoes, green and hearty-looking, showing already. And at least two dozen tomato worms, also green and very hearty-looking, were showing already. I would like to know where the fat, greedy, horned things come from. What would they have done for a living if I had not planted here? They are never on any other sort of garden stuff. Would they, too, have stayed in Maeterlinck's hall of the unborn? They are dirty, resentful beasts. Or maybe it is only because they are packed so full that when you touch them with a stick they spurt at you dark green juice. They are nasty. But that is another sign of the hardening and annealing process that is taking place in my sensibilities. The first one I disposed of by taking him off with a long stick carefully, then bearing him down into the dust with my head turned aside. Yesterday I knocked them off boldly, swiftly, in a business-like way with the hoe, gave a chop and went on. For I hoed ten rows, plant by plant, and I had no time for skinful squirmers. I do not intend to irrigate at all. They seem to be desert plants and happy without water, though it is five weeks since they had any.

August 27. Night! The moon is round and full. The black shadows that it casts are no deeper than the longing that it brings. I am filled with wordless wishes, with yearning so great it seems the spirit resident will break its house and go in quest of happiness. Yet where, or how? Whip-poor-wills are voicing their melancholy, softly, sweetly, but much too sadly. Over against the hill, coyotes howl in sharp complaint. They are vigorous in their protest against the sadness of spirit which the moon has brought. They have stirred the dogs all up and down the valley from senseless indifferent yapping to full bark. But cheerful sounds are beginning. In the distance, I hear a whistling boy; nearer, the gay laugh of a girl, and girlish happy voices. And then the tree frog, never dismal, always persistently cheerful. What an optimist he is. Mr. Scientific and I enjoy this outdoors so differently. I once felt uneasiness in his presence and regret over my grave deficiencies. But dear me, his pleasure in my world is no greater than my own,—only different. In

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fact, I'm not certain but that the delight of ignorance in the color of a flower, the wind-flirting leaf, the call of a bird, is a rarer, finer thing than the interest that comes with analysis, that can know no content till the fairest flower lies in bits, its little insides all torn for tabulation. I would know more. Oh, much, much more, about all these wonders, and am delighted when he tells me outdoor open secrets. Of the trap laid by the beguiling milkweed for the honey-thief bee. How she lures him with her scent and color, then holds him by a luckless leg till he dies. My sympathies are all with the bee. Never do I pass through a patch of milkweed now, but that I give two looks, one at the lovely heavy heads that droop in sheer beauty and sweetness, and one for any hapless prisoner. Many a noisy fellow have I pulled loose, wondering as I did so whether my clumsy hands strained a leg, perhaps dislocated a wee joint. Many buzzing about the Circe have been plainly annoyed, as the voluntarily tempted ever are, by my officious efforts, and have made me understand they thought it none of my business. They would hover if they pleased. But the rescued have been hasty in their leaving. With the proper sense of a reformer, I have not expected gratitude, nor been discouraged.

Of the waddling horned toad who, in moments of danger, shoots blood from his eyes. The neighbor's lank, long-tailed cur pup seized one the other day in his senseless mouth, but dropped it hastily and spent the next number of minutes licking his jaws with an air of deep disgust. Lucky little horny creature with red blood to spare in a crisis! Many a man has none to spare and what he has turns cold!

Of the seeds of the blue sage. How they can be made into a most nourishing gruel, so that Indians can travel for a whole day with only a teaspoonful to support them. Of the bitter tonic that can be made from the gay little centaury. Of the soap stored away in the root of the amole. I found one the other afternoon, a delicate seven-branches affair with purple stem and fragile flowers that closed in the night after a brief life with no morning in it, only an afternoon. But when he seizes the choicest flower in a cluster of prize beau-

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ties, tears it in bits, claps its fragments into a note-book, I almost resent his being here in my wilderness. When I was a little, pig-tailed girl, one of my choicest treasures was a kaleidoscope. It was made of pasteboard and had only a tiny half-inch peephole. But I never tired of looking at the wonders that resolved themselves as I twisted and turned it, tracing and locating the particles that had fallen into new lines, marveling at the beauty and intricacy of the patterns, finding joy in the transformations that wrought this beauty out of such simple things. And I never felt anything but uneasiness when I gave it into the hands of my boy friend who was of an investigating turn of mind. He never failed to look at it with pleasure, nor to suggest with eagerness that we take it apart and see how it was made. Nor could he understand why I loved the mystery, why I hated to see it fall apart in commonplace particles, why the knowledge gained would not pay for the beauty and wonder lost. There we were then, the scientist and I, very much as we are today. Loveliness and wonder still have me in their grip. It would be no fair exchange to give them over for exactitudes.

(*To be concluded in the November Forum.*)

AMERICANISM

ROGER B. WOOD,

United States Federal Attorney

AMERICANISM will have a place in the history of the United States from this time. The progress of the nation will depend, to some extent at least, upon the intensity of its Americanism. The time has come when all who dwell within the confines of the United States, be they rich or poor, high or low, white or black, of whatever nationality and of whatever political creed or religion, must not only obey the letter of our laws, but must respect the spirit of the laws and of our institutions. In the recent past we

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have had glittering examples of aliens who, having lived here for a considerable period, enjoying our hospitality and fortunes, under the protection of our government, have shown their contempt for our laws by violating them in the most flagrant manner at a time when those in authority were facing the most serious problems that have arisen since the Civil War.

All men of this character and all who secretly applaud their actions are a menace to the Nation, and the sooner we are rid of them the better. These violations of the laws have served the useful purpose of awakening us to the danger that lurks within our borders, and I have no doubt steps will be taken to prevent its spread.

Americanism means love for our form of government, respect for its flag, intense loyalty to those intrusted with the administration of our laws and charged by the majority of our people with the duty of conducting governmental affairs for the best interests of all and for the good of humanity.

I believe that native-born Americans revere these principles and endeavor to support those in authority in every crucial test. Naturalized citizens must be taught that they must love their adopted country to the exclusion of their native land; that they must stand behind the responsible officers of this nation even when they are acting in opposition to the land from whence they came; that by no act of word of theirs is the policy of this nation to be obstructed because in their opinion a different policy might be better for the land of their birth; that *their first and last consideration must be the welfare of the United States.*

Many naturalized citizens do not understand our government and are not in sympathy with our laws. The reason, I think, is plain. They were granted the rights of citizenship before they were prepared to receive so great a privilege. Mere length of residence here does not qualify an alien for citizenship. Too much attention is paid to making voters. Too little attention is paid to the intelligence of the applicant and his knowledge of our theory of government. I firmly believe that citizenship should be conferred only after a care-

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ful examination of the alien has shown that he has a keen appreciation of what his duties and obligations are to the nation taking him under its protection. Those aliens who enjoy life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and wealth in this land, without renouncing allegiance to the land of their nativity, owe the people of the United States a very high duty. I cannot conceive that they have the right even to criticise anything that the authorized officers of our government may say or do. They are living here by sufferance almost, and since they do not care to assume the obligations of citizenship, they are in duty bound to suffer what they do not like in silence. When they take it upon themselves to give vent to their displeasure, it is time for them to go elsewhere.

The Democratic platform speaks the plain truth in affirming that—

> "Whoever, actuated by the purpose to promote the interest of a foreign power, in disregard of our own country's welfare, or to injure this Government in its foreign relations or cripple or destroy its industries at home, and whoever by arousing prejudices of a racial, religious or other nature creates discord and strife among our people so as to obstruct the wholesome process of unification, is faithless to the trust which the privileges of citizenship repose in him and is disloyal to his country."

The laws of the United States are very liberal in regard to the admission of aliens and in permitting them to become citizens. In return they are required by their oath to support the Constitution and the laws of the land. The time has come when the American people demand that all who are admitted to citizenship fulfill the requirement in full measure. All who apply imbued with the desire to become loyal "Americans," nothing more nor less, will be received with open arms; all others ought to be rejected.

President Wilson has been berated for much that he has done and much that he has not done. It cannot be denied, however, that he has kept us out of war, preserved the lives of our citizens on the high seas, and prevented a strike of railroad employees that would have caused great loss of life and untold damage.

Every good and loyal American ought to support him.

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THE AFTERMATH

HUGH F. FOX

ALTHOUGH the end of the war is entirely conjectural, various writers are already speculating about its aftermath. Some of the economists predict that the process of rehabilitation will bring great industrial activity and that a period of general prosperity will then ensue. While commercial writers hold conflicting views, they take it for granted that the impetus gained by the United States will ensure our prosperity for some years to come. Germany's future depends upon her ability to regain her foreign markets and overcome the antipathy of her present opponents by appealing to their "enlightened self-interest"; in other words, by underselling her competitors. The actual property damage done by the war is perhaps relatively small, but the waste of human life is enormous, and the effect on the labor markets of the world may be serious. One of the results will probably be a check to the development of new lands and to colonial expansion.

In the field of Art and Literature, it is confidently expected that educated people will turn eagerly to the stimulus of the fine arts and restful reading of books, and that there may be a Renaissance somewhat similar to that which marked the peace of Europe in the Sixteenth Century, only that it will be much greater in proportion to the great numbers of people in all civilized countries who have been given cultural rudiments through popular education.

Some thinkers prophesy a general religious revival on the theory that the war has turned the thoughts of men to the serious issues of life and death; that millions of stricken families crave the consolation of the church; and in those countries which have been engrossed in the war, living has become simpler and more natural than before, and there is an earnestness which is preparing the ground like a fallow field for the seed the preacher sows. If history is any guide,

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however, the world's great wars have brought a rationalistic trend which is likely in this age to be marked by a growing impatience with unessential dogma, and with the meddlesome interference with those habits of men and women that are not in themselves immoral.

What will be the influence of the millions of men in the ranks of the fighting nations upon the social structure and to what extent, in those nations where they are articulate, will they be a political factor? One recalls the dominating influence of the Grand Army of the Republic for at least twenty years after the Civil War in the United States. Men in camp learn the value of discipline, but they learn also the power of organization and co-operation, and in modern warfare they acquire habits of self-reliance. The very attrition of their intimate contact with all sorts and conditions of men who are their comrades may have a clarifying effect upon sectarian institutions of the narrower sort, and possibly upon political partisanship. May we not anticipate that religious teaching will tend towards something more masculine and robust than it is today, at least in those Protestant Churches which claim the greatest numerical strength? Is not the continued hold of the Catholic Church upon its men due in some part to the fact that it understands the lives of the masses and does not try to put unnecessary or unwise check-reins upon them? May not the three years (at least) of army life make men less intellectually submissive and, in some respects, more tolerant than they were before?

Democracy itself is on trial in this gigantic struggle, though none of the nations at war which boasts of adherence to democratic standards presents the appearance of a democracy today. Each looks forward eagerly to the day when peace will permit the resumption of the old ways. Yet it may be doubted whether the old system will ever be restored in whole anywhere. The war has certainly revealed in a striking way the value of solidarity, and when the last shots shall have been fired it is entirely likely that democratic ideals will be discussed in the light of a new knowledge and that the peoples of the war-ravaged lands will think and act much

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more from the community standpoint than before, finding perhaps a truer and larger liberty in providing first for the welfare and comfort of all. Not only in economic operations, but also in social observances is this likely to be the case. And it may also be predicted that, as a result of the war, will come more searching analyses of all social situations and more accurate and efficient systems of regulation.

All of these questions are important in attempting to forecast the probable developments of the next decade in the handling of the "drink" problem. Even in this country we are learning to "think in continents," and there is an increasing and wholesome disposition to learn what other nations are doing. Let us take up first of all the war measures in relation to alcohol:

Russia prohibited vodka for mobilization purposes, with bitter memories of the drunkenness which marked the opening of the Russo-Japanese War, but the movement has been accepted with an unexpected acquiescence, or at least without any very marked resentment, so far as one can learn at this time, and in the rural districts it is said to be really popular. But political leaders seem to fear that after the war is over there will be a reaction. The increase in illicit distilling has already become so widespread as to cause considerable misgiving from the administrative standpoint. The Duma is, however, considering constructive plans which will stimulate the native wine industry and encourage the use of light beers. It seems to be taken for granted that the government will not revive the vodka monopoly, though it is feared that the complete prohibition of spirits will not work, and that some vent must be found which will keep the sale of them under strong control without attempting their absolute suppression. Possibly this may take the form of a limited sanction for hotels, restaurants and bona fide clubs, which would still keep vodka out of the hands of the laboring class. At the present time, local communities are given the optional right to permit the sale of fermented beverages, and the Minister of Commerce recommends that the sale of beer and wine containing not more than 12 per cent of alcohol be permitted.

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In the German Empire and throughout Austria-Hungary the output of the breweries has been cut down arbitrarily to conserve the barley supply, though at the same time the brewers are compelled to furnish about 20 per cent of their product to the army. The German military authorities evidently feel that a regular supply of beer is essential to the welfare of their troops. Certainly no one can claim that it has interfered with their efficiency!

France and Italy have not made any drastic changes in their liquor legislation since the war began, the fighting men being given a regular ration of wine wherever it can be conveniently transported. The leaders of the temperance movement in France are seeking to secure discrimination both through taxation and legislation in favor of what they call "the hygienic beverages," which include wine, beer, cider and perry. One of the most serious and difficult problems in France is the enormous extent of household distillation. Any household may make five gallons for home use free of taxes, but the supervision is lax, and in the rural places thousands of persons manufacture spirits for sale illegally.

Recent British developments are of great significance to the United States. In no country has more drastic action been taken along the line of industrial socialization. Not only is the whole business of transportation in the hands of the government, but the mines, the munitions works and the workers themselves are now either publicly operated or are under governmental control. The main motive is to speed up the manufacture of munitions, and it is this motive alone that is back of the creation by the government of a public commission to control the liquor business in the "munitions areas," a term which is apparently elastic enough to cover all manufacturing centers. The initial efforts of the Board of Control were directed to the reduction of the hours of sale in public houses, the abolition of the treating system, and in general a stricter supervision of all licensed premises. The latest developments indicate that it is the purpose of the government to secure complete control of the manufacture

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and sale of all alcoholic beverages in certain specified places, and some of the leaders in the temperance movement are even talking of complete nationalization of the retail sale of liquors. The Temperance Legislation League, of which Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell are the moving spirits, advocates "recovering complete control over our licensing arrangements by removing the obstacle of private financial interests." This is to be brought about by state purchase, which implies reasonable compensation for the present license holders. In a recent article, Mr. Arthur Sherwell says that "state purchase, in the view of the League, is a means to an end the consequences from which could, and in this country would, be controlled and determined by the force of public opinion. The nation, for the first time since the Sixteenth Century, would be free to adapt its licensing arrangements to public convenience and demand." Whatever the result of the Board of Control's experiments may be, there is no substantial sentiment for prohibition in Great Britain, though there is a rapidly growing sentiment for changes in the character of the drinking places so that the sale of strong drinks may be only incidental to the public house instead of being its entire raison d'etre.

A body of noted men in England organized what is known as the Public House Trust, which is dealing with the temperance and licensing problems upon common sense business lines. Their standpoint is that the licensed house is a practical necessity, and that it ought always to be a place to which all classes and all the people can resort without reproach. This organization has secured the control of some 300 licensed houses, where during the past ten years it has been computed that more than 11,000,000 persons have been served, and not a single prosecution for drunkenness or any other evil has resulted. The system assumes the indispensability of the licensed house in some shape or form for the purpose of reasonable refreshment, rest, recreation and social intercourse. The trust houses are run under "disinterested management," which means that the manager is not interested financially in pushing the sale of alcoholic drinks and

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the company is limited to a profit of 5 per cent on its investment.

In European countries that are not engaged in the war a number of practical measures have been adopted which are designed to divert the consumption to the mildest alcoholic beverages in substitution for spirits. In Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, beer containing 2¼ per cent of alcohol by weight (equal to 2.86 by volume) is free from taxation. Little Iceland, which is under absolute prohibition, forbids the manufacture, importation and sale of all spirituous drinks containing more than 2¼ weight per cent of alcohol. The Norwegian Alcohol Commission (which is an official body under the chairmanship of Prof. Dr. Axel Holst), after four years of investigation, issued its report last year. The majority of the Commission urged the advisability of fighting against the misuse of alcoholic beverages instead of forbidding all use of them. They find that conditions may be improved by other means than total prohibition, which, they say, is likely to increase home distillation and to stimulate the illicit traffic. The Swedish Temperance Commission, which is also an official body, has recently recommended legislation which would put the entire monopoly of the retail traffic, except in the sale of 2¼ per cent beers, in the hands of the Bolags. The Bolags are companies which have taken over the licenses for spirit selling, but their profits are limited to the ordinary rate of interest on the capital invested.

Norway has a progressive class system of taxing beer, according to its strength, in three groups:

1. The 2¼ per cent beers, which are in a privileged class and are practically tax free.

2. The beers which run up to 3¾ per cent and are taxed moderately.

3. The beers which run between 3¾ per cent and 5½ per cent alcohol and are taxed quite heavily.

Each bottle as it is sold must have its class marked on it, and the system provides a simple and cheap control which follows the article from its origin to its consumption all over the country. The object of the system is gradually to move

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the consumption of alcohol from the strongest to the lightest drinks. The next step will be to adopt the same system as to all other alcoholic beverages.

It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to go into more detail, but in general it seems clear that the men who are leading the temperance movement in the principal European countries realize that prohibition is impractical and that the sane thing to do is to encourage the sale of mild beers and light wines as much as possible, and to keep the sale of spirits under the strictest possible restriction and control. Along with this is a well developed movement to change the character of what we should call the saloon from that of a mere drinking place to a public resort for both sexes, where cheap and satisfying food is served as well as all sorts of beverages. The moderate use of light beers and wines is not regarded as injurious, but, on the contrary, is generally considered beneficial. There is a common sense distinction between the beverage-use of such articles as beers and light wines which are freely and commonly taken with meals and the stronger drinks which are frequently used as aperitifs or "bracers." (Of course it is true that many men take their whiskey highly diluted in the form of highballs with their meals, particularly in England and the United States, but this practice is certainly not general among the mass of the people.) In some of the largest continental factories an industrial canteen is maintained, where beer is furnished with lunch on the factory premises at noontime.

Is there not a lesson in all this for lawmakers and reformers in this country? No attempt has been made by them to discriminate between liquors according to their alcoholic contents, and so great is their rancor that in several prohibition States it is unlawful to make or sell *any* malt beverage, even though it is so dealcoholized as to have no alcohol in it! If the question has been one of taxation or the imposition of license fees, their guiding principle has simply been what the traffic will stand! In a word, the motive of legislation has been either purely fiscal or one of suppression. There are some curious anomalies in recent prohibitory laws.

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Several States which have prohibited the manufacture or sale of all malt and vinous beverages refuse to allow the sale of a dealcoholized malt beverage, but place no restriction upon grape juice, which has been made sacro-sanct by Mr. Bryan's benediction!

The average American beer contains 3½ per cent of alcohol by volume. No doubt the percentage might be lessened, but it is doubtful if a thoroughly first class beer of very much lighter gravity can be made which will stand the test of shipping to distant points and keep perfectly palatable under all sorts of storage conditions and climatic changes. At any rate, the so-called "near-beers" do not satisfy habitual drinkers, and fail therefore to divert the consumption from "hard drinks," as real beer does.

The saloons in our large cities must do a large trade to pay their overhead expenses, which probably average fully four thousand dollars a year. Their customers, who are very numerous, seem fairly well satisfied with the existing conditions, and it is doubtful if they would welcome any radical change such as the exclusion of spirits. Obviously a saloon which sold only certain beverages would be at a disadvantage in competition with the place where the customer can get anything he calls for. Whether the "trade" will ever lift itself by its own bootstraps and introduce any startling changes by its own voluntary action is doubtful. The leaders in all branches of the liquor business realize that, except in the manufacturing centers, there is a strong sentiment against the standing bar saloon as it is generally conducted at present.

Probably 90 per cent of the saloons are decently conducted today, and it would be an easy matter to close the others if the authorities were in earnest about it, but—this would not solve the problem.

Profiting by experience in some of the European countries I have mentioned, would it not be possible to make a number of demonstrations in those States that are now dry, which have already gone through the costly tearing-down process, and are in a position to start all over again?

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Is it futile to dream of a place where the beer pump and the soda fountain shall be so close together that one man can work them both?

The best field for experimentation is undoubtedly to be found in the prohibition States themselves. The people of the cities in prohibition territory are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present conditions. Though they may be opposed to the saloon, they are eager to put a stop to the present illicit traffic and are ready for a reasonable remedy. Most of them would welcome legislation which would permit the sale of beer and light wines in restaurants (including bona fide clubs and reputable hotels). Care should be taken to avoid overstimulation of the business by so limiting licenses that they will be determined solely by the reasonable convenience of the public. Under such a system the State would naturally be committed to the principle of local self-government by giving each community the right to determine the matter for itself. In re-establishing this plan, however, it would be wise to provide that no change should be made by any local community unless 60 per cent of the vote was cast in favor of it. Under such a plan the individual would still have the right to have any beverage shipped to him from outside the State for his personal use, in accordance with the limitations implied by the law of the State. The successful operation of this plan in several States would be so widely commented upon that the movement would soon spread, and it would pave the way for radical reforms of a general nature in many other States. Such a plan would lend itself easily to other experiments along the line of the Public House Trust Companies of England, or even to municipal restaurants.

People are beginning to realize the futility of national prohibition and the staggering police problem which it would involve. If it takes 100,000 troops to police the Mexican frontier against bandits, how many would it take to police all our frontier and coast lines against whiskey smuggling? It is well known that the State authorities have done practically nothing in the prohibition States in the South to put down moonshining, which, from a sporadic affair between

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neighbors, has now, under the impetus of prohibition, become an organized traffic. Uncle Sam's revenue officers are the only police force that the moonshiner fears, and they rely mainly upon information furnished them by the lowest class of poor whites for the sake of the reward the government gives.

Our prohibition legislation has resulted in stimulating the illegal traffic beyond the bounds of control. The time is ripe for constructive measures, but the various temperance bodies in the United States seem to vie with each other in their bitter radicalism, and it is evidently futile to look to them for any practical remedy. The Anti-Saloon League, which has absorbed the activities of the older bodies and claims—with some truth—to monopolize the prohibition cause, has no program except destruction. On the other hand, the liquor trade (in spite of its group of enlightened leaders) is not ready yet to make sacrifices involved in drastic licensing reforms, and it is obvious that any legislation which bears the tag of an " interest " is foredoomed to defeat. Mr. Fabian Franklin has recently pointed out the monstrous falsity of the opinion " that nobody is concerned in the matter except the prohibitionists on the one hand and those who make money out of liquor on the other." The great mass of the American people are temperate in their habits, and are so thoroughly alive to the importance of the liquor problem that they are ready and waiting for leadership which promises definite results. Thoughtful men, the men of vision, who must be relied on to mould public sentiment, will have a great opportunity and responsibility in dealing with this world problem after the war is over.

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PROTECTION OF THE IMMIGRANT WOMEN

By Lolita Coffin Van Rensselaer

THERE seems to be slight reason to doubt that at the close of the war we may look for a great influx of immigration.

Men returning from the front will find their homes destroyed, their communities dispersed, their occupations and interests gone, the bit of land which was theirs and their fathers for generations knowing them no longer in its devastation—how natural that they should turn to the completely new, to the untried, to the one place on the civilized globe reeking with prosperity and advertised as "the Land of Promise."

Psychologically, the atmosphere of Europe, victorious or defeated, must of necessity be one of deep dejection for years. There is no family untouched by loss, no little hamlet, however humble, unaffected, financially and socially.

The reaction is bound to come. "Why has this thing been? It is wrong—wrong! Let us seek the land of peace and prosperity and put behind us this horror which has been ours. Let us become ancestors—not inheritors—and start our generations in a new land, under new political ideals." What more natural? And what more sinister? In normal times have we been able to assimilate the immigrant? Have we in the large solved in the smallest way the problem of the melting pot? Is illiteracy increasing or decreasing among our foreign population? Are "the little Italys," "the little Hungarys," "the little Germanys" dying out and their peoples becoming American with all that implies?

These are questions of vital moment to everyone, and in this time of comparative quiet in immigration it behooves us to see where we stand, not only for our own national protection from a threatened influx, but to find if we are prepared to protect, aid, and Americanize the newcomer.

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Remember that in every nation large numbers of its citizens have already emigrated and are established here. These will urge their remaining relatives and friends to come. The necessary funds will be forthcoming from this side. In 1914 over one-half of the arriving immigrants had their passage prepaid by relatives and by persons unrelated to them.

Added to which innumerable women are earning for the first time, and, being of the thrifty sex, have without doubt managed to save a sufficient sum to start them anew in a fresh environment.

Patriotism, Americanism in its purest essence, unselfish service for the good of all by all, must meet the alien as her first contact with what our democracy means. We are the only country on the globe who must create artificially what is the birthright of every other nation, a national patriotism; and until such a national spirit exists the Melting Pot will be a Seething Pot, as it is to-day.

Of most especial interest, in the light of the new feminism, is the question of the immigration of women. This divides itself into two classes: the women who have lost the protector, the provider, and must perforce support themselves and their children, and the class who for the first time have been permitted to feel financial independence through their admittance to the fields of industry. It is estimated to-day that in the Central Empires alone there are one million widows—no figures are available of the destroyed families of Belgium, Italy and Northern France. It has been stated that over 3,000,000 women never before employed in industry are to-day carrying successfully the burden that has been laid down by their men at the front. That these women should be willing to forego their independence and become again the housewife alone, in the light of modern feminine development, seems highly unlikely. Ellen Key tells us that the number of women who will have to dismiss all thought of normal marriage is destined to become still larger; that already societies, and even governments, are facing the fact from the point of view of the race that after this war mil-

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lions of women will have to become the sole supporters of their families and, with the new taxes, the burden of making both ends meet will be greatly increased. Will the European governments make arrangement to meet such a changed condition of industrial life or will industry be in such a state of temporary paralysis that the remaining male population will amply fill all its demands? Here we enter realms of conjecture in which anything may be asserted or denied.

This much we do know—there will remain an overwhelming preponderance of women in Europe for this generation (in England before the war there were 1,200,000 more women than men), and that these women are awake! They have been tried in the fire; they have magnificently stood the test, and from now on woman, having found her voice, will make it heard throughout the lands. How will this affect us? In 1913-1914 419,733 women came to this country, in 1914-1915 it fell to 139,679; of that number, in 1914 90,000 of them could neither read nor write. What may we expect in the future? And how care for them?

Do our social agencies protect the alien, give her the proper start—the so necessary "start right"—in her completely changed environment? Are we able to keep a guiding hand on her future until her feet are set on the right path? Do we sufficiently surround the stranger with safeguards to protect her from exploitation? We are beginning to realize that here as a government we fail the alien.

Private social organizations—such as the Young Woman's Christian Association, the Travelers' Aid, and the various racial societies—do their very large part; but government as such, until now, has practically ceased to interest itself in the immigrant after she passes through the gate to America. Until, alas! as so often happens, they meet again in some court of law, where government must correct by punishment what might have been prevented by protection.

Remember that many of these women arrive here alone. They are practically illiterate in the use of English—often of their own language. They are young, pitifully young (the majority below 30 years and the largest group between 16

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and 21), and under our present system are immediately swallowed up in the stream of American life. What becomes of them no one knows; ignorant, confused, desolately lonely, they go where they are led and believe what they are told. Domestic service of the lowest type—the factory, the sweat-shop—have the first claim on this class of immigrant, this group upon which economic as well as social conditions weigh unutterably. It is this type who are most easily exploited, as they are invariably at the mercy of their employer. He may dismiss them at a moment's notice and their chance for steady employment at a sufficient living wage is small. Then comes the almost inevitable—the plausible white slaver—and the way of least resistance. Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild says: "The victims of the white slave trade are most often alien women. *They are most particularly desirable to the promoters of the traffic because of their lack of connections in this community.* In the Lying-in-Hospital of New York there is an average of about six illegitimate births each week among unmarried immigrant women. Nearly all the victims of the trade."

And there, to some of us, lies the crux of the whole matter—the "lack of connections in this country." No guiding hand, no place of refuge, no paternal control, what wonder that they are sucked under, fail to find a place in American society, and drag out a life of poverty and despair until they end in some institution—the vicious circle complete from one government function to another!

A word of timely advice, a disinterested bit of guiding to better employment, better housing, better recreation would so often turn the tide from the sluggish stream of disaster. And remember, that these are the mothers of the race; the lower they sink the less chance for the raising of the race standard!

That this protection should be a government function we are convinced; that the time to try the experimental stage of such an innovation is now, seems obvious, the immigration officials now being comparatively free from work.

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We believe in a Federal bureau, a bureau of protection—or call it what you will—administered by officials chosen for their especial fitness, for the personal touch with the immigrant, where all immigrant women shall register and shall report at stated intervals, personally or by communication, until such time as they have safely tided over the shoals and have established themselves in security. Such a Federal bureau should have the closest co-operation and assistance from all private and public agencies interesting themselves in phases of social life affecting the problem, such as the night schools, recreation centers, settlement houses, etc.

Properly administered, such a bureau need have no semblance of police power or of charity. Its appeal should be protection, assistance, aid, a kindly direction for the good of the individual; but, in the last analysis, for the infinitely greater good to the State.

In a study of fifty girl immigrants who had fallen foul of the law within three years of their arrival here and were placed in institutions, forty appeared to be of average human material, who could reasonably be expected to become competent factory workers or domestic servants—yet they are in institutions, a burden to the State and to society. Why? Economic need was undoubtedly the cause in some cases, lack of employment and where to find it in others, but invariably running through it all is illiteracy—lack of the knowledge of English, and through this lack the inability to learn American ways and American standards. In many cases the girls did not know there were free night schools; they had no knowledge of what their rights were, or how to obtain assistance and advice. This makes them helpless against exploitation, as in a pronounced case of M————, whose lover sold her for $15, and that of a woman whose husband drove her on the streets after beating and starving her baby till it died. From this ignorance of their rights in America come their resourcelessness, their inability to find work, and their lack of force to resist coercion, as in the case of S———, whose lover threatened to kill her unless she stole her employer's watch.

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Consider the untold assistance a bureau such as that outlined could have been to these unfortunates!

One of the great causes of delinquency is loneliness—loneliness in a Christian land full of comradeship, loneliness which makes a girl welcome any change in her weary life, especially if the offer of such change comes from one of her own land, whose ways are her ways. That we encourage these women to come and then turn them loose into the maelstrom of the most complex civilization on the globe is our responsibility! "The question of alien public charges can no longer be dealt with on the basis of contemptuous indifference or provincial prejudice; it calls for great wisdom and true humanity." The late Professor Henderson, a man with the broadest vision, saw clearly the use of a national bureau and felt convinced of its absolute feasibility.

That its effect would be nation-wide is certain, as its duties should be twofold. Every incoming unattended immigrant woman should pass through this bureau, where information would be given her relating to her rights in this country; her opportunities for employment and education could be explained; direction to decent and reputable boarding places would be furnished; assistance and advice along all lines would be offered, and, above all, there would be created in the mind of the woman the security of a place of real refuge—a counselor and protector sincerely desirous of guiding her aright during her period of assimilation.

In whatever cities there are offices of the Immigration Department, branches of this bureau should be installed to which the immigrant may be sent, wherever her path may lead, with the assurance that the same guiding hand will be there to aid.

In this instance the Travelers' Aid Society, whose magnificent work throughout the country cannot be sufficiently commended, would be of untold assistance.

The State Bureaus of Industry, Labor and Immigration, already in some places doing intensive work along these lines, would of necessity lend their invaluable help. There should be in connection with the bureau a research department,

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whose function should be a careful study and survey of industrial, educational, recreational and housing problems as affecting this class of women.

This department should not only study, but act! It should lead in developing the proper facilities for decent and legitimate recreation; it should encourage the night school, the continuation school, the trade school; it should actively concern itself in the cleaning up of the unspeakable housing conditions now prevailing among the poor in many of our larger cities.

Unless such a bureau reaches out beyond mere office work, it will fail. It must discover what are the paramount needs of the alien woman; then organize and develop public sentiment, and so direct and crystalize it that the people themselves, through their social agencies, shall provide the facilities needed. In this way its services would be doubly valuable.

Some objection may be offered to the greatly added cost of such a piece of Federal machinery. Do we know that there stands to-day in the treasury of the United States approximately $9,000,000, which sum represents the surplus, unexpended, of the head tax collected from the immigrant? To what finer use could the moneys thus acquired be placed? Let it be so expended that guidance and counsel may enable the more fortunate newcomer, with the least loss of time and energy, to establish herself normally in the new society.

Let us not forget that these women of foreign bloods bring to our civilization that which is making, in the composite, the American race of the future. Industrially, the foreign woman holds great potentiality. It rests with us to develop, for her own sake and for ours, her highest possibilities. Socially, as the mother of American citizens, she brings the unborn idealism, mysticism and spirituality of older civilizations. This we should not warp nor distort through injustice and lack of comprehension.

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IN THE WAKE OF THE MARNE

Amid the Fields of the Dead

CHARLES HAZLETON

HANDING back our pass, "*C'est bien! Bon voyage, Messieurs!*" he said as he gravely saluted.

The motor started. We were free.

We had passed the walls of Paris, and ahead of us lay history!

The Porte de Vincennes, with its polite gendarme, was soon far behind. We reached the open country, and striking out along the wide, smooth road to the north of the Marne, rushed on toward the scene of the events, which had caused us, in Paris, such terrible days of anxiety.

The September sun shone kindly down from a clear, blue sky, and the morning air was still fresh and pleasant. The trees and fields were beautiful in their late summer dress, and the river flowed sparkling and happy, waiting to be admired. But I am afraid we neglected nature that morning. There was too much human to see; trenches and barbed-wire entanglements of the Paris defenses, roads blocked with barricades, trees, and overturned farm carts, guards of soldiers at the cross-roads and villages, detachments of troops on the march, and military automobiles on their way to and from the front. Of the actual fighting, however, there was not yet a trace, till "Look at that ridge!" exclaimed somebody.

There, ahead of us, lay the shattered debris of a great stone bridge, blown up by the French (a soldier told us), by whom, also, the half-submerged military pontoon bridge near it had been sunk, when the Germans attempted to cross the river.

Farther up, a broken steel bridge trailed mournfully in the water, destroyed by the same hands.

It was less than two weeks since it had all happened, yet already, workmen were clearing away the rubbish, pre-

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paratory to rebuilding the stone bridge: and a wooden bridge, buoyed up by canal-boats, afforded passage for our car.

On the other side, the little town of Langy gazed at us from its barred windows and half-deserted streets, with a mournful, awesome look, like the scene of a crime; till we were glad to strike the open road again. But this road was open only in places. Most of the way, it was groaning under all kinds of troops: infantry, cavalry, artillery, everything, at one place, even a long line of curious boat wagons of an engineer's pontoon train.

Soon, the Meaux bridge hove in sight, one arch broken, but a wooden roadway, spanned the gap and an automobile was crossing to meet us.

"Let's try it!" I proposed. "We may get through, and if we do, we're sure to find it more interesting than where our pass takes us. They can't do more than stop us!"

I was doubtful though, as we turned in toward the bridge; for I remembered too distinctly the words of the Paris police commissaire, when I had asked for a pass to Meaux:

"I regret infinitely, Monsieur," he had said, "but I have not the authority. No one is allowed north of the Marne." Whereupon, I had obtained a pass to Esternay, to the eastward.

"Halte!" cried the guard, and two bayonetted rifles dropped menacingly toward us.

"Your papers, Messieurs!"

The sergeant glanced at our pass. "Ah, you are Americans!" he said in good English. "I too have just come back from Chicago. Come to see the battlefields? There's plenty to see all right. You can go ahead. Here's your pass, and Good Luck!"

We darted away, fearful of interference from an approaching French officer. We turned into the narrow cobblestone streets of Meaux, (which seemed, to have fully recovered from the visit of its unwelcome guests), then headed out into the country beyond.

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The road ran northward through a rolling country, of hay-dotted fields and patches of thick woods.

Soon the road, itself, entered a patch of woods. We had penetrated for some distance into the cool green shade, when with a terrified, "Mon Dieu!" from the chauffeur, the car slowed down.

We looked out, startled.

There was nothing unusual out the side windows, but ahead . . . ! It could have been caused only by a cyclone with teeth!

Trees two and three feet in diameter had been torn apart, their badly shattered tops and debris littering the ground. The splintered stumps and the trees remaining standing were all deeply gashed, and literally speckled with smaller scars.

"Shells!" someone gasped.

It was too evident now, what had caused it all. What an inferno it must have been!

I learned the details later, from a friend of mine who had been there two days before, and had found the emplacements of the French guns on the higher ground to the right of the road, and to the left of it, trenches piled with hundreds of German dead.

From the woods, the road ran across the hayfields. These, already harvested and bare, except for their neat symetrical stacks, looked very calm and peaceful; but as we went along, other things began to appear among the stacks; many flattish mounds of earth, each with one or several French soldier caps, and sometimes also a rude wooden cross. Less frequently, there was a grave a little apart, the gold braid on the cap denoting an officer. Here the cross was larger, and written on it was the name and rank, the date, and "*Mort pour la Patrie*" or "*Mort en face de l'ennemi*"; but in some cases there was no name, only the rank, learned from the uniform.

We stopped and climbed out.

They extended in all directions, these desolate, lonesome mounds, and among them were hideous smelling locks of

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hair, in the prints that the bodies had made in the rain-soaked earth, during their week long vigil before burial.

The ground round about was strewn with shrapnel balls, cartridge shells, bullet-riddled canteens, first aid packages, broken rifle stocks, and numberless other bits of wreckage of clothing and accoutrement, that the soldier grave diggers had abandoned as utterly useless.

At frequent intervals were large round spots of black, haystacks burned by shells I decided, and walked over to the nearest one to see. It was indeed ashes, and I had turned to go, when my foot struck something hard among the half-burned hay at the edges. I looked down and beheld a mass of charred hands and feet. Another wisp of straw disclosed the shriveled eyes, the drawn, grinning features of a human head. It was a funeral pyre of the Germans!

We had had enough; so we moved on, through a country burrowed everywhere with trenches, with every now and then a village, cruelly disfigured by shells and the fires that shells had started. Only scattered bits of tile still clung to the roofs, and the thickly pitted house walls of the streets bore witness to the hail of bullets that had swept down. All of these villages we found almost deserted, some of them entirely so, with the furniture arranged in groups behind protecting stone walls, marking the spot of a night's encampment. Sometimes near them, but more often, at the edges of woods near the trenches, we found long rows of shelters, made of branches of trees and of hay, taking the place of tents, with which neither the French nor Germans are provided.

We passed more and more burying detachments of soldiers, all marching northward, the pointed blades of their long-handled shovels, appearing sinister and horrible.

All at once, we knew that we had passed them all. We were grasped and held in the overpowering, strangling embrace of an odor, in its sickening awfulness, beyond human power to describe. The sun shone as brightly before us as behind, and woods and fields were still peaceful and calm. But the silence had suddenly become awesome, and through

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it, the death-laden air piloted us on, sick yet fascinated, toward the horrors that we knew must lie beyond.

First, along the roadside, appeared bloated carcasses of horses, all lying on their side, the upper hind leg invariably pointed toward the sky. Then, in the stretch of woods which the road was entering, we began to make out many bright splotches, the red trousers of the French blazing out from the dark undergrowth, while the grey of the German uniforms made a duller contrast. Some were lying naturally, as if asleep, but the twisted, strained positions of others showed, in some measure, the terrible agony they had endured, before death came. Some passer-by had mercifully covered the faces of those nearest the road with the skirt of their long overcoat; but, so doing, he had exposed the cartridge belts, pressing deeply into the bloated bodies.

Soon, at the left of the road, we came upon a tiny village, deserted and destroyed. The houses had been burned by shells, whose course we could trace by the gaping holes they they had made in the thick stone walls. A shallow trench, along the roadside, was paved with French bodies, and many more lay in the open space before the houses and in the narrow little streets.

We kept on. Again we struck a stretch of open country; but this time, the bright spots among the haystacks were not only caps, but uniforms as well, blue and red and grey, intermingled in the comradeship of death. Behind nearly every haystack, lay two or three bodies, found out by the deadly searching bullets, and in one place, I saw a pile at least three feet high, of intermingled French and Germans, a monument to the efficiency of bayonets.

Scattered everywhere, was the full wreckage of an army, or better, of two armies. Cartridges covered everything, among shell fragments and shrapnel balls. Rifles were scattered about, most of the German ones with their stocks broken. Rain-soaked knapsacks clung to uniforms or littered the ground, in various stages of disembowelment. Socks and underwear were strewn around. Shoes struck fantastic attitudes in all directions.

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The most of the big wreckage was German. An abandoned artillery caisson in a field, tireless limousines and touring cars along the roadside, trains of automobile trucks, burned down to the bare chassis, still holding the gasoline cans used to set them on fire, and piles of unfired shells, dumped from artillery caissons, gave an idea of the haste of the German flight, once it started.

Amid all this ruin, there were wide stretches of country whose fields and woods, neat cottages, and flower gardens showed no sign of the terrible storm that had swept so close.

We reached Betz, slightly scarred by bullets and shells, and peopled mostly by soldiers. Here, much to our surprise, our chauffeur succeeded in obtaining some gasoline, which its owner dragged out from an underground hiding place.

He was a kind-faced old man, wrinkled and bent from age and still unstrung from the events of the last few days, about which, he talked incessantly, in hysterical, gestured exclamations:

"Ah, messieurs! If you could believe the terrible days we have spent here! How we suffered when our soldiers fell back and left us all alone, among the shrieking shells! And then, when the Germans swarmed in through the forest there, stripping us of food till there was not as much as a potato left in the whole town! But what joy, when they were driven out and our own brave soldiers reappeared! They thought they could conquer France, the dirty Boches, but our Joffre has shown them! And they won't come back with their insolent manners and their piggish faces, guided by butchers and waiters we have been kind to all these years! But listen, Messieurs! The guns! Can you hear them? It's they that will bring us the victory! Les beaux canons de la France!"

In fact, the breeze, which had suddenly changed direction, was full of the dull, heavy roar of big guns, intermingled with the sharper crack of quick firing field pieces, at the front, scarcely twelve miles away.

With this in our ears, we started on, the sound growing steadily louder as we advanced. Yet in the villages along the route the inhabitants were calmly repairing their dam-

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aged houses, and the road was encumbered in many places with flocks of sheep and the high two-wheeled carts of peasants returning to their homes.

Finally, we stopped for lunch in a peaceful wooded valley. It was uncanny to sit there under the trees quietly eating our sardines and pate de foie gras while our ears rang with the thunder of artillery.

Before we had finished, there hobbled up to us the dusty, woe-begone figure of a gnarled old French peasant. Unshaved, unwashed, and with his clothes in slept-in bunches, he had walked, since that morning, all the twenty miles from Soissons, till from fatigue or from other causes, he seemed to be in a state of daze. Mechanically, he answered our greeting and accepted our invitation to lunch, remaining a wavering, self-forgotten mass, until we asked him to sit down. Mechanically, he replied to our attempts at polite questioning, his colorless voice striking one note with the mechanical grinding of his heavy jaw, and with his dead, unthinking eyes.

All at once I happened to ask him about Soissons, and with the mention of the name, he was transformed. He dropped his food. His fists clenched, and his eyes flashed out from his face tense with excitement.

"It is horrible, Messieurs, horrible!" he exclaimed. "The roar of the guns and the shrieking, exploding shells, you cannot even imagine them! The Anglais fight like lions, but what can they do to drive out the Boches, burrowed like rats in the quarries? And the dead, Messieurs! It is terrible! Yesterday I crawled through the woods, close to where the shells were falling. I peeped down into the valley below, and there I saw a thousand, I swear to you, more than a thousand bodies rotting in the sunlight! Even if the shells would stop, there is no one to bury them! All are too busy, fighting, killing! It is not so terrible as long as there is the sun, for God at least is watching; but when it rains, and the drops spatter mud on their uniforms and faces, then there is not even God! The wounded themselves cannot be cared for. I have seen men who had lain on straw for five days

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with only a biscuit to eat and only the first dressing on their wounds, which were black, rotting, stinking!"

We left him, still waving his arms, still crying brokenly after us: "It is horrible, Messieurs, horrible!"

We stopped again, farther on, to join a little crowd of men and boys inspecting something in a field, which proved to be a line of German earthworks. Partly covered trenches, numberless empty meat tins, a few graves and a big pile of hastily-dumped loaded shrapnel cartridges were all that remained of an event in history.

A freckled-faced boy of about ten picked up one of the cartridges and started off.

"What will you do with it?" I asked him.

"I am not sure, Messieur," he replied. "I shall take it home, then my mother will probably make me throw it away. But it is a beautiful souvenir, isn't it?—though it may be a little bit dangerous."

Starting on again, we soon ran into the main military road leading to the front.

"Let's go on!" cried somebody.

"Let's go on!" chimed in everybody else, "on to the front, if they don't stop us! We've still got our whole supply of newspapers and cigarettes to get us past the guards!" So on we went, our excitement increasing with the roar of the artillery.

Soon we were swallowed up in a great forest, stretching away beyond our power of vision, gloomy and majestic. And there seemed no end of the broad, straight road, still as smooth as a floor, after the thousands of troops that had ground it down, and showing its battle scars only in the broken poles and trailing wires of the telephone system at its edges.

In a few minutes we came upon a long line of big, two-wheeled farm carts, driven by soldiers and piled high with rain-soaked accoutrements, rifles, knapsacks, overcoats, cartridge belts, everything, French and German alike, thrown in pell-mell. Following close behind the carts was a regiment of African Spahis, returning to the rear for fresh horses and

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looking very strange in their oriental costumes. Being indiscreet enough to offer them cigarettes, we lost nearly our whole supply before they would allow us to go on.

Our forest and our road suddenly ended together in another road, the main military road running eastward near the south bank of the Aisne. This road we found encumbered with an almost continuous procession of troops, artillery, machine-gun sections, and full supply and munition trains moving toward the front, and empty ones coming back. Every mile or two was a village, filled to overflowing with more troops, and, at one place, also a squad of German prisoners, under guard, engaged in the odoriferous task of burying dead horses.

We were stopped many times by road guards and chiefs of detachments, but we always managed to forestall too close inquiries by generous offerings of newspapers and cigarettes; then, too, luck being with us, we caught up, after awhile, with a big French military car, filled with officers, and followed close behind, with an air of belonging to the party. From that time on we were never once stopped.

The sound of firing was becoming always more intense, until we could distinguish even the mechanical popping of the machine guns and could see the shell bursts, just above the crests of the hills to the north of the river.

Finally, we reached a village where there was a distinct atmosphere of something doing. Long munition trains were waiting along the shady road leading to the bridge, cavalry was halted in the shelter of the hills, and everything had an air of watchful preparation, for all eventualities. Better still, the bridge, which, like all the others, had been blown up, had been temporarily repaired; so, following our military car, we dashed across it.

The other car turned sharp to the right, but we kept straight on, through the village, which was sadly battered and occupied only by soldiers, past trenches with their tenants lolling idly about, past stretcher parties waiting behind the broken walls; and finally, we struck out along the road across the open valley, headed straight for the line of wooded

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hills beyond, where we hoped to get near the French guns.

The valley was as level as a floor and entirely bare except for a good many hay stacks towards the river and a wide expanse of high uncut grass extending to the foot of the hills. We noticed a few soldiers in the shade of the hay stacks and several others in the grass, but we thought nothing of it beyond trying to avoid them for fear of being stopped, and we continued on, growing more and more exultant and hopeful concerning our success.

We had reached the middle of the valley, when all our exultation, all our hope—everything, was suddenly engulfed in the unearthly shriek of a shell, passing over our heads from somewhere behind us. Before we could regain our stunned senses two more from the other direction burst about three hundred yards ahead of us in a cloud of dust and smoke. The guns on the hills ahead were not French at all, but German! We were in a corner between the lines!

"Turn quick, for God's sake!" came a lusty yell from beside me, "we haven't got a pass from Emperor Bill!"

The chauffeur fairly spun the car around; then we scuttled back toward the village. We recrossed the bridge and ran slowly along the road to the south of the river, hoping to find this a safer means of watching the firing than the one we had just tried.

Both sides of this road were wooded and formed the camping place of several thousands of French troops.

Rosy-cheeked and smiling, they contrasted strangely with their own sallow, house-cramped selves of two months before, and, besides their appearance of physical well-being, there was about them an intangible something which proclaimed that the change was much more than physical. They had lost the cares and worries of civilization; they had found themselves. France counted on them to defend her soil and honor. They knew what they could do. France could depend upon them. Meanwhile, there were congenial comrades; there was air and sunshine. There was plenty of good food. There were hardships and obstacles to be overcome. There was life! Some were fishing in the river, or

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washing clothes there. Others were writing letters, reading, sleeping, or lying around in groups, evidently swapping stories.

Having discovered a suspicious-looking aeroplane overhead, we asked a soldier what it was.

"It's a Taube," he said, pointing in the direction of the aeroplane. "He's been dropping bombs around here for the last ten minutes."

"But why doesn't somebody fire at it?" we asked.

"Oh, that!" he replied. "We've given that up long ago. We can't hit those birds, and firing at them only exposes our guns, disturbs everyone, and wastes ammunition.

Having passed the camp, we speeded up and were flying gaily along, when the crashing of field guns somewhere in the heights above us made us stop again. We turned back to where we had just passed a group of French army surgeons, and inquired about the practicability of the road.

"Oh, the road's all right," said one, "but the Boches will shell you. They shell everything that goes down it. Still, yesterday I got through with a convoy, and one automobile is a smaller target than a whole convoy. It's worth while trying. Try it!"

"Are you English?" he asked.

"We're Americans," we answered.

"Then how in the world did the authorities let you get up here to the front? Are you going to help us, too? However, that's none of my affair. If you only came to see, the road over the hills will give you a view of everything and you'll only miss the excitement of being shot at."

We took his advice and were almost at the top of the hills, when at a turn of the road we came square upon two batteries of 75's, comfortably installed on a flat ledge, cut by nature into the face of the hill in such a way that the guns were completely masked by trees just behind them, while they fired through the top branches of the trees below, extending all the way down the hill into the valley.

We stopped and piled out. The guns were not firing at the moment, but were surrounded by big piles of empty

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shells, some of them still smoking. Of their crews, some of the men were swabbing out the guns, some lying about reading, while others, together with the officers, were standing among the trees at the top of the cut, watching the bursts of the shells from some ear-splitting 105's somewhere behind us, firing at the German batteries so plainly outlined on the crests of the hills across the river that, through our glasses, we could even distinguish the individual members of their crews.

Responding immediately to our offering of newspapers and cigarettes, the soldiers were eager to tell us of the joke they had on the Germans. At the foot of the hills, safely dug in among the undergrowth, were several French 75's, using black powder. To these the Germans attributed all the French shells, and upon them they wasted all their ammunition, while the really useful and well masked guns, higher up, had not been discovered during more than a week of service.

It was interesting to watch the shell bursts coming down closer and closer to the German batteries, till just at the exciting moment when we expected the very next one to make a strike and had the added interest of watching the men take their stations at the 75's, about to recommence firing, a big military touring car rolled up and out bounced a little, fat, bearded, official-looking Frenchman, dressed in civilian clothes.

He looked around for a moment, then spying us, immediately demanded in French who we were and what we were doing there. Having been informed that we were Americans, come to look on, and that we would like to know whom we had the honor of addressing, he first fully convinced us that he was the inspecting general; then he asked for our papers. It was a motley collection that he received—American passports, hospital workers' cards, a little bit of everything. He read each one clear through and made notes in his note-book.

"But I don't see yet that you have any business here!" he said, when he had finished. "No one but the French army

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is allowed at the front. How did you get here, anyway, without a pass?"

"We just came!" we answered, not daring to produce our pass to poor little Esternay, now more than forty kilometers back.

"Well, I don't know what you can do," he said, looking at his watch. "You can't remain here, that's certain! It's now five-thirty and all circulation of the roads is stopped at six. You might reach Villers-Cotterets, but the hotels and houses there are full of soldiers; so you'll have to sleep in your car. And you had better be starting!"

With that, he climbed into his automobile and dashed off up the hill. We followed immediately afterwards and found him about a quarter of a mile back, at a cross-roads, standing alongside four most disagreeable sounding 105's (the ones supplying our shell bursts), which were firing away for dear life, while an aeroplane hovered overhead, spotting the shots. In order to gain time to get a good look at the guns, we ran up close to him and inquired the directions to Villers-Cotterets (we knew them well enough from our road map), which, considering the circumstances, he gave rather agreeably. After thanking him and apologizing for all the inconvenience we might have caused the French Army in general and himself in particular, we started off down the road he indicated.

A mile or two back, we ran into a camp of the second line of defense, well sheltered behind a wood. Parks of munition caissons, delivery wagons, automobile trucks and numberless clusters of all sorts of improvised sheds and shelters formed the hive from which thousands of soldiers swarmed to meet us. They blocked our way, begged the news, got all our remaining newspapers and cigarettes, and prevailed on us to wait while they scribbled off post-cards and letters to be mailed in Paris. Even after we had started on again we had to stop every few yards for some man running madly after us with another handful that he had collected, with the final result that, that night, the Paris post-office was enriched with several thousand extra pieces of mail.

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A little farther on we passed a barn, serving as a hangar for two aeroplanes. Soon afterwards we were held up at the entrance of Villers-Cotterets. We were a bit anxious as we showed our pass, but it was not even questioned, and, being wished a good night, we started on through the town.

It was, as the general had said, full of soldiers, and full also of supplies and munitions. Long lines of little French freight cars were making still higher the enormous piles of shells, forage and boxes of small arms ammunition, while the line of waiting motor trucks extended for a mile down the road.

We passed successfully our examination by the sentry at the end of this line, then our car leapt forward on the long stretch homeward.

There was still plenty of excitement ahead of us, from the blinding flashes of speeding automobiles, from a flock of sheep that we nearly ran down in the darkness, and from numerous road guards, who sprang out of nowhere with a "Halte!" and a menacing rifle. Except for these, however, we had the world to ourselves, to ourselves and the few twinkling windows of the half-deserted country, and the never weary searchlight beams from Paris: till finally we drew up at the Porte de Vincennes.

The same gendarme stepped forward to examine our papers.

"Bon soir, Messieurs!" he exclaimed, as he recognized us. "You have had une bonne promenade?"

"Ah, oui!" we answered in a happy, sleepy chorus, "Très, très bonne!" Then, as if struck with a sudden tragic vision, we murmured much more soberly, "But the war is terrible!"

"Ah!" said our gendarme, "you have seen the battle-fields! I saw them three days ago: and I, too, started out happy, till there, among the dead, I found my son!"

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FREEDOM OF TRADE

MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

I HAD the opportunity of being present in June, 1851, at the opening in London of the first of the World's Fairs or Expositions. I was but a boy at the time, but I have since read the account of the scheme of Prince Albert which took shape in the beautiful Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and I have found myself interested in the ideals that this scheme brought into expression. Albert was a man of imagination, and he succeeded in imbuing with his own enthusiasm the representative Englishmen whom he had brought together in this World's Fair Committee. It was Albert's thought, as set forth in the original statement about the Exhibition and as later confirmed in the address given at the opening of the Hyde Park Palace, that the fuller the knowledge on the part of men of different communities and the closer their personal relations, the smaller would be the chances of friction and antagonism which had in the past so often resulted in war.

He pointed out that the governments of the nations were coming increasingly under the control of the peoples themselves; and he took the ground that when the peoples were managing their own national affairs they would not be so foolish as to sacrifice their resources and their lives in the waging of unnecessary wars. As the people came to understand international relations they would realize that it was more profitable to sell goods to a neighbor than to kill him or to bring ruin upon him. Albert felt also that in strengthening the web of commercial and financial relations, in extending business connections so that the men of one community would have business interests in another, there would, of necessity, be strong obstacles placed in the way of wars between such communities. Albert was a student of history, and he realized that in all ages nations had been ready to fight for markets, but he contended (many years in advance of the teachings of Norman Angell to the same effect) that the markets, or the profits from the markets, could—in the majority of cases at least—have been secured even in ancient times without the fighting, and that under improved business conditions there was no real requirement for causing political boundaries to become commercial barriers. It was his hope that this Exhibition would come to be, as it did come to be, the first of a long series of similar World's Fairs, and it is doubtless the case that these World's Fairs have brought to the world the service that Albert had in mind of a larger knowledge by peoples of each other

* *An Address delivered on June* 9, 1916, *at a meeting in Boston of the American Free Trade League.*

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and of better chances for personal relations, for understanding, for business connections, and for the development of national sympathies. Albert's prophecy or hopefulness in regard to the lessening of wars, to be brought about through this widening of knowledge and strengthening of business relations, has apparently proved to be without sufficient foundation. We may hold to-day, nevertheless, that Albert's ideals were based upon sound principles, and that the realization of these ideals has been delayed by certain exceptional conditions of which Albert could not have had knowledge. It will be true that the peoples of the world will, in coming into the control of their governments, put to one side many of the causes that have produced war. It must also come to be true that the peoples will realize how much gain there will be, not only in moral satisfaction but in business results, through maintaining peace with each other and through adjusting business relations so as to lessen and finally to destroy unnecessary barriers. We may even hope that the present barbarous and inexcusable European war may be the last of the world's wars. There is an understanding in the twentieth century, which had not taken shape in earlier times, that commercial intercourse is not conditioned upon political boundaries. It is only when boundaries become barriers that trade does depend upon the flag, and it is then that by means of force the barriers behind the opposing flags are destroyed and trade makes it way.

The relations of Germany with the British Empire constitute a great example, the largest example that the world has known, of an enormous extension of trade without protection whatsoever from the flag representing the nationality of the traders. *Germany, which has complained of being hampered by the "greedy selfishness" of England in its opportunities for expansion, has been given practically the free range of the British Empire for the development of its commerce and for the distribution of its productions. When the German complains that the "freedom of the seas" has been blocked by the navy of Great Britain he forgets that, under the protection of that same navy, German commerce has during the past fifty years secured its enormous development. German traders have carried on their business free from any special burdens in open competition with English traders in Great Britain and in all parts of the British Empire.* The German settlements in South America give evidence that there has been no attempt to check the natural expansion and enterprise of the race; Germany has carried on its dealings to advantage with its own people in South America as well as with the South Americans themselves and without hindrance. German trade can be, and has been, made profitable in South America and elsewhere without the necessity of being covered by the flag of the Empire. *The United States presents the largest example that the world has ever known of the advantages resulting from*

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freedom of trade among forty-eight communities possessing a large measure of political independence; communities varying very greatly in conditions of race, religion, and education, in the nature of their productions, in the methods of their trade, and in local interests and local prejudices. Americans at least ought now to be in a position to realize that the advantage of such unrestricted exchange is not confined to one party, but comes to both parties concerned. There is no grumbling on the part of citizens of Massachusetts, or of the citizens of Louisiana because of the absence of customs burdens on the shoes from Lynn sent to New Orleans, or on the sugar of New Orleans which finds sale in Lynn. The wine growers of California, in exchanging the products of their vineyards for the manufactures of Pennsylvania, find no ground for doubt as to the advantage both ways of such exchange. If Maine finds it convenient to deal direct with Massachusetts, and if, as would certainly be the case, a line of custom houses on the State border would bring at once to the citizens of both Maine and Massachusetts irritation and indignation, one would suppose that the men of Maine should be prepared to realize that the line of custom houses on the north separating them from their neighbors in New Brunswick presents an equally legitimate ground for annoyance. This line has been made to constitute a barrier that is entirely unnecessary and that makes wasteful interference with the development of business with their Canadian neighbors.

The natural outlet to the markets of the world of the products of Manitoba is by way of St. Paul and through the territory of the States to the Atlantic. The diverting of this traffic, caused by the customs barriers, to transportation routes that are longer and more costly brings needless expense to the shippers and to the consumers and loss of opportunity for profit to the United States. The advantage secured by the Canadian railroads in the greater receipts from freights makes a poor offset for the serious loss to the Dominion of Canada as a whole through the hampering of the development of a great and fertile region.

Protective systems carried to their logical conclusion are simply an extension of a state of war. Such economic war does not involve, at least directly, the slaying of the opponents or competitors, but it does from time to time bring about the ruin of these competitors. It constitutes not only a restriction, but an aggression upon the freedom of action of citizens on both sides of the boundary line. It is an interference with the privileges claimed by all independent citizens of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The New York Stock Exchange presents a distinctive example of transactions of great financial importance carried on between individuals without the formality of vouchers or documents. Transactions

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between dealers, often competing dealers, which not infrequently, as terminated, involve heavy loss for one party or the other, are completed and are maintained as valid on the strength merely of the raising of a finger or a nod of the head. The practice of doing business with the least possible machinery or barrier has brought about in Wall Street, as in other financial centers, a confidence between individuals. The result of this confidence has been an enormous saving in time, labor, and expense, while it has also produced a strengthening of the human relation. We may look forward to the possibility of bringing into existence and to assured development a similar confidence between independent communities being under distinctive political control.

The scheme of the League to Enforce Peace looks forward to an association in a world's federation of the civilized states of the world. These states are to retain their independence and their right to control, as the states in our Republic control, their domestic affairs and conditions. They are expected, however, to surrender, as the citizens of our United States surrender, liberty of action in regard to certain international relations. These relations are to be, in the first place, supervised, and, as the federation develops in prestige, are probably to be controlled, by a central authority. *This central authority will comprise a world's council and a world's court, and back of council and of court is to be organized a world's police.* The council and the court will be charged with the responsibility of adjusting issues arising between the independent states—issues which now too frequently result in war.

It ought to be possible to make clear to the leaders of public opinion in these states—leaders who will constitute the representatives in the World's Council and in the World's Court, that if free trade has been of advantage to such a federation as that of the United States and that of the German Empire, similar and greater advantage will accrue when the tariff barriers are broken down between the civilized states of the world working together for the maintenance throughout the world of peace with justice.

This conception of a world's federation, based upon the fullest recognition of the rights of individual communities, of the existence of the smaller states, of the rights of people to select their own government and to determine the policies of these governments, is in direct antagonism to the Prussian theory of the so-called "divine state," in which the supreme power is to be concentrated in the hands of a monarch claiming to represent the divine purpose.

The term "international law" would, I believe, express conditions more accurately if it were changed into *international right* or *international rights.* It is the principles which may become authority, ex-

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pressed in the term *jus,* that determine international relations, and not the specific authority which is associated with the term *lex.* The destruction of protective barriers and the recognition by all governments of the principle that governmental authority should be exerted towards securing the fullest possible freedom of action would render extremely difficult—and, in fact, in the great majority of cases impossible—a monopoly or corner in any of the products which are essential for the existence or the welfare of humanity.

The " cornering " of the world's markets, at least in any of the necessities of life, would under such conditions be impracticable. The right of each individual throughout the world to use his abilities and his industries for producing that which he can produce the most effectively, and for placing his product in the market where it will secure for him the largest return (and that is, of course, the market in which the product is most needed and renders the largest service), is the right that will secure recognition under a World's Federation based upon freedom of relations, freedom of trade. There will also be secured through this development of civilization a lessening of the needless frictions of government. The business of government will remain that of maintaining peace, of securing justice between individuals, between communities, and between the larger organized communities known as states.

We shall banish into the limbo of outworn absurdities the theory that the supervision or control of complex business conditions can wisely or safely be entrusted to legislators. We realize from the history of the United States that these legislators, having no direct knowledge of the conditions in question, are, of necessity, obliged to shape their law-making upon the request or demands of the men who have the direct knowledge, but whose interests are often opposed to the larger interests of the community which the legislator has himself sworn to protect. In bringing about a general policy of free trade and in destroying the reliance by business upon government co-operation, or government action, we free business on the one hand and legislators on the other from the demoralizing influences which have resulted from the long series of American tariffs. When business depends upon the result of an election it becomes needlessly speculative, and when legislators depend for their election upon the support of business interests the attention and the conscience of the legislator are diverted from his legitimate responsibilities, from the duty that he has striven to fulfill.

In the eighties, at a time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was conducting his campaign for the re-establishment of a protective system in Great Britain, I was invited by a committee of the National Liberal Club of London to deliver an address on the results of protection in the United States. The generation of Englishmen which had grown

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up since the "hungry forties," and which had never had any direct personal experience with a protective system, were looking for "ammunition" in the way of arguments with which to withstand Mr. Chamberlain's specious eloquence. I found, in talking over the matter with these English Liberals, that their attention had been restricted, almost exclusively, to the *economic* conditions and results of a protective system. They had given no thought to the results of such a system in making business speculative and of confusing political action with business interests and with business influences. They knew little or nothing about the demoralization resulting from a protective system. In my address I gave an outline history of our tariff from the year 1862, in which, under the immediate urgency of securing a great national income for maintaining the armies in the field, we shaped excise and tariff bills, taxing everything in sight, and called the result a system of taxation. I recalled how taxes imposed hastily, without scientific investigation and merely for the purpose of getting immediate moneys, were, after the war had passed and requirement for returns under this heading no longer existed, permitted not only to remain, but to be extended and expanded. I pointed out that a number of the import duties imposed in 1862 had been defended on the ground that they were required to constitute an offset to the internal taxes placed upon manufacturers and upon production generally. With the close of the war the internal taxes—the 5 per cent, for instance, on manufacturing output—were promptly abolished, but the import duties that had been imposed to offset these were continued and extended. There had grown up back of these import duties an organized power of manufacturing interests which the unorganized interests of the consuming public was not strong enough to oppose.

I took the ground that the protective system had, in my judgment, lowered the standard of national honor and lessened the consciousness of the citizen as to the dignity and honesty of national action. *The citizen comes under such a system to think of the law-making in his national legislature as the result of a grab-bag.* He gets into his mind a similar impression as to the international relations between the states of the world. He thinks of a reciprocity treaty as simply an opportunity for bargaining in such manner as to overreach the other fellow. It is, of course, desirable for the citizens of any state with great national and international responsibilities to learn to think imperially; but it is very difficult to maintain any dignified imperial thinking, or even any consistent imperial policy, when local business interests come into conflict with national or imperial responsibilities.

The members of this league are classed as free traders, but we are, I judge, in accord that if the power to shape the policy of the nation were placed in the hands of this association, we should wish to

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give due consideration to the great interests that have grown up under the national protective system. The investments in these interests have been made legitimately and in accordance with the law of the land. Whatever action may be taken towards disassociating the government from business must be so shaped that it will minimize the loss to individuals and the loss that would also come upon the community as a whole through the destruction of protected industries. These industries should be cautioned to put their houses in order. They must be advised that they cannot be maintained indefinitely at the expense of the community. They must be told that they will face a gradual reduction in the tariff barrier back of which some of them have been built up. I do not believe there need be any practical difficulty in modifying our protective system toward free trade through the method of protection for revenue only.

Great Britain is carrying on her fight in this present world's war, in the first place, for its own existence, and secondly, for the fulfillment of its obligations to France and to Belgium; and if these obligations had not been met, if England had sat quiet while Belgium and France were being crushed, it could have looked forward to no continued independence for itself. *Great Britain is fighting also, however, for the rights of men; for the protection of democracy against the assaults of autocracy; for the maintenance of civilization. It is fighting to prevent the ideals of the twentieth century from being crushed by a recrudescence of the theories and practices of the eighteenth century.* The Prussian standard of action is summarized by Nietzsche:

"War and courage have accomplished greater things than love for one's fellow men."

The Prussian theory regards life as a conflict and struggle for existence. The Prussian holds that "in the world's relations morality, the philosophy of the weak, has no place. The men who are really great, the supermen, are those who are pitiless." *Under this conception the only hope of creating a tolerable society is to establish at the center a nucleus of force which is able to coerce all other wills into obedience to itself.* Frederick the Great carried the principle to its logical conclusion by converting the Prussian people from a nation into an army obedient to the king. Bismarck used the military power of Prussia to compel all parts of Germany to unite under the domination of the Prussian state. *The foundation of the present Prussianized German State is force.* This is why the Government of Germany is driven to assert its power and to use the mechanism of the army, of the schools and the universities, of the pulpit, and of the press, to inculcate the duty of obedience in its subjects. *The Prussian system is founded on the belief that the human being is not to be trusted. The commonwealth rests upon an entirely different set of ideas. In a com-*

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monwealth it is right and not force which is the principle of unity in the state. When the nations of the world have thrown down the conception of the "divine state," whose authority is not to be questioned and whose will is expressed by a Frederick or a William, and have adopted the principles upon which are based free commonwealths like Great Britain and the United States, we shall have the foundations for a world-wide system of freedom of trade based upon mutual respect and clear understanding, and upon the conviction that the welfare of each conduces to the welfare of all and that injury to one constitutes an injury to all.

War, in closing the channels of commerce and of intercourse, brings about what may be called an extreme application of protection. *If a nation is to become wealthy by being thrown back upon its own resources and by being prevented from securing from the outer world goods or material for producing goods, Germany ought at this time to be growing rich from so thorough an application of the protective system.* It need hardly be pointed out, however, that not only a warring nation like Germany, which is now practically shut in upon its own resources, and its antagonists, France and England, whose commerce, while by no means destroyed, has been hampered by war operations, but even a neutral state like the United States, whose exports and imports have also been interfered with by war conditions, are all of them in a state of concern in regard to their trade and commerce. For the nation that is entirely shut in there has been an absolute cancellation of commerce and, from the want of the needed supplies, a closing also of many lines of production. For the nations like England, France and the United States, whose supplies of needed materials have been interfered with, there has been in like manner a lessening of production in certain lines. The lessening of production and the interference with assured prosperity caused by war barriers are similar in kind, although often greater in degree than the interference and the losses which are brought about by the equally unnecessary barriers of a protective system. Further, in war times the nation realizes the disadvantage of basing its income too largely upon protection duties. The importations cease, the collections are no longer made at the custom house, and at the very time when there is the largest need for expenditures some new and necessarily hurried measures of securing revenue have to be adopted. All nations connected with the present war have, under the pressure of war requirements, been reducing their tariffs, and even with these reductions it has, of course, not proved practicable to secure what is needed for their trade or for their livelihood. The German manufacturer is now secure from "dumping"; the land owner has no longer to fear the competition of foreign foodstuffs, and thus dearer food for the poor and a great scarcity of the necessities of life

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are assured for the German people. Yet the Protectionists of Germany show no gratitude! On the contrary, a wail of indignant protest arises alike from Junker and Manufacturer.

Germany has also done something to give to Great Britain the results of a protective system. Her floating mines and submarines have limited the supply of tonnage and have raised the rates of insurance. This enables Englishmen to realize by actual experience what would have been the effect on supply and on prices if the proposals of Chamberlain's tariff reformers had become law. And yet the people are not thankful and the rise in the cost of living has brought great dissatisfaction in Great Britain. It is not probable that when the war has come to an end the Englishmen who have thus tasted some portion of the results (we will not call these results benefits) of protection will be likely to ask their government to inflict upon them in peace what their enemy has been endeavoring to bring about by measures of war.

The society of the commonwealth rests upon law, and this law represents the judgment, not of a ruler speaking by "divine right," but of responsible citizens. The citizens are expected to obey the law, not because behind the law stands the policeman, but because they recognize that it is their duty and their advantage so to do. The fundamental quarrel of the free man with Prussianism is that it destroys freedom of conscience. Luther said that the justification of liberty was that man could truly serve God and his neighbor only if he were free to choose the means. A commonwealth can survive only if the sense of justice and the spirit of service are high among its citizens. To the Prussian the world is an arena of conflict in which states and nations struggle endlessly to assert themselves—the weak for liberty to exist as independent states, the strong for dominion. The life of a state is, therefore, necessarily a continuous war. It may be a suppressed war or an open war; for war, as Clausewitz says, is only a continuation of policy, but it is always war. *In this eternal war for existence the Prussian regards as legitimate any means which conduce to success, not only war itself, but treachery, frightfulness, terrorization, the deliberate preparation within the territory of a neighbor, a declaration out of a blue sky.* The German war book says that "once war is declared frightfulness is the truest humanity, because not only does it help to demoralize the enemy more quickly, but it makes the vanquished more reluctant to renew their bid for freedom and others more timid in disputing the dominant will." In the great struggle international treaties and promises are also but pawns to be dishonored or discarded solely according to the service of national end. Bernhardi puts forth as the Prussian ideal, "World power or downfall." Professor Lamprecht says, "After bloody victories the world will be healed by being Germanized." The German war book declares that

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"a war conducted with energy cannot be directed merely against the combatants of the enemy state and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the whole intellectual and moral resources of the enemy state." *To the believer in freedom the world is not an arena of conflict, but a family of nations, often perhaps selfish and quarrelsome, but still indissolubly united by a common humanity and by having common ends which they can only successfully pursue in common.* Here is a direct issue between two conceptions for the organization of mankind. It is my contention that the principles and the practice of the protective system belong logically with the Prussian theory that a nation can prosper only through the destruction or the weakening of its neighbor. The aggression upon such neighbor can be carried on either by economic or by military measures, but, according to the Prussian, aggression there must be. The citizens of the British Empire have had to fight, so to speak, for their lives against the competition of Germans and Americans for the markets, not only of the world, but of the British Empire itself. It is the belief of the rulers and of the people back of the rulers who have maintained for Great Britain this system of freedom of trade that not only does such system fit in as no protective system can fit in with the higher ideals of civilization, but that it works on the whole to the decided net advantage of the Britons themselves. We members of the American Free Trade League must do what may be in our power in the years to come to bring our fellow-citizens in this Republic to a realization that this should be our policy also. We must re-emphasize the truism that we have secured large advantages by free trade among our own forty-eight communities. We must also hold to the view that, with American inventiveness, energy and enterprise, we only want equal opportunity to secure our full share of the returns from the markets of the world. We must be ready to sacrifice the classes of production which cannot be carried on so effectively in America as elsewhere. We should maintain the contention that American labor and American capital must be employed in such way as to bring the largest results for the whole community. In fact, I hold, and you hold with me, that while we shall be working for the net advantages—for the more selfish purposes if you will—of our hundred millions of Americans, we shall have the further satisfaction that we shall be making a contribution to the principles of civilization, to the measures that will help to secure and to maintain the peace of the world.

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THE CASE AGAINST THE CHURCH

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

I COME now to state the case against the Church of to-day more specifically. This I am challenged to do. My challengers say: "You say you believe the Christian Church is as much under the unholy spell of Mammon as Trilby was under the unholy spell of Svengali, and that because she is mammonized she throws the weight of her influence against rather than on the side of the mighty democratic movement sweeping through human society at this time towards a Kingdom of God on earth such as the Church was created by Jesus Christ to establish. This is serious business. Serious for the Church, if true. Serious for you, if not true, or not demonstrably true. Generalities in a case of this kind will not serve. You must be specific. You must *show us.*" I freely acknowledge the justice of this demand, in the case of everyone who makes it for the purpose of getting the facts on the table.

"The mammon influence," says my friend Richard Wallace Hogue of Baltimore, whose experience as rector of the Church of the Ascension entitled him to speak on this subject with somewhat of authority, "is altogether too wise to show its hand. It works by indirection, keeps 'within the law,' and will not risk being 'caught with the goods.'" Scores of letters on my desk from ministers of different churches throughout the country who have recently had to fight this malevolent influence are to the same effect. Nevertheless my belief that the Christian Church is to-day in a condition of what might be called "white slavery" to Mammon is not based on mere intuition. It is a rational belief, well-grounded and shared by hundreds, if not thousands, of ministers of the Gospel and by hundreds of thousands of thoughtful laymen within and without the Church. Let me call a number of witnesses who have a right to be heard on a question of this kind, and then let me try to comply with the demand for "specific instances which you can drive a hand spike through."

Our first witness shall be Keir Hardie, the English Socialist. Judged by any standard, Keir Hardie belongs in the front rank of the real lovers of humanity. He is one of the greater modern critics of human society. He was a man of God before he was a Socialist. His belief in Socialism was the outgrowth of his faith in Jesus Christ as a practical leader in the march towards the Kingdom of God on earth. "A religion which demands seventeen hours a day for *organization* and leaves nothing for a single thought about starving men, women and children has no message for this age," declared Hardie in reply to the statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury that he worked seven-

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teen hours a day and had no time left to form an opinion as to the solution of the problem of the unemployed.

This sober judgment of Keir Hardie upon organized religion as he found it is shared by millions of thinking men and women, some within, many without the ranks of religious organizations. Now let us hear a representative of Labor, for Labor and Socialism on this side of the Atlantic are not as yet seeing eye to eye. John Graham Brooks describes our man as "one of the most honest and intelligent labor men I have ever known." This Labor Man told Mr. Brooks that so long as he really believed what he understood his pastor to preach he was fairly content. "The sermon," so we are told he said, "always appeared to me to reconcile things I couldn't understand. Mysterious religious authority was always given which I accepted. When I talked to the minister about definite cases of suffering in a hard strike, where he and I both believed the men were not to blame, he still insisted that somehow it was all right, and somewhere in the future it would be set straight. Now, my experience has taken that belief out of me, or, at any rate, the kind of authority he gives for it I cannot any longer accept. *Nor do I believe the Jesus he talks so much about would have accepted it or acted on it either.* The successful classes, even if they didn't know it, or mean it, have used religion and heaven to keep the peace and to put off a lot of troublesome duties. *When I found this out I threw it all over.*" Here is the comment Mr. Brooks makes upon this statement: "That individual experience, without one shade of heightened color, stands for the position of a great multitude of the more intelligent workingmen in every country."

If one attempts to speak a good word for the Church on account of her numberless charitable institutions and undertakings the short answer of Labor is: "*We will have justice, not charity.*"

Just here it would be well to introduce the testimony of some man who has come into the Christian Ministry from Labor without breaking the vital bonds of brotherhood that bind him to his early associations. Let the Rev. Charles Stelzle, some time the head of the Department of Labor of the Presbyterian Church, be that man. He says: "*To the average workman the Church seems more concerned about the sweet by and by than about the bitter here and now.* . . . Sometimes the workman hasn't very much use for the Church because he cannot see that the professing Christian employer treats his help any better than does the non-Christian employer. . . . He points to the fact that in nearly every great industrial struggle it has been discovered that the man at the top was a churchman, and sometimes when the conditions against which he was fighting have been so palpably unjust that everyone could see it the employer was still active in the Church as an office-bearer, without condemnation or rebuke. . . . *To many toilers the*

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modern Church seems only a 'trump card' in the hands of the wealthy classes. They are no more Christian than the heathen toward whose conversion they contribute their ill-gotten riches. Indeed, 'the ethics of many of them is lower than that of the jungle.' . . . To most of the toilers the Church is merely a great institution or machine, going through the motions, but never actually producing anything; it is a hotbed of officialism, filled with a company of self-seekers. . . . The masses to-day are not very much concerned about what the Church has been in history. They know that the people in the churches to-day had very little to do with the glorious traditions of the Church, and they are demanding that they indicate their interest in present-day problems. *And the masses are right.* If the Church cares about those things that trouble the people, it should come out so clearly—not only in the passing of fine-sounding resolutions, but in the actual performance of its duty—that there would no longer be any doubt in their minds as to its sincerity. *The Church is responsible for the injustice and the wrongs now being suffered by vast numbers of people,* because the Church could right them if it would; not all the wrongs, to be sure, but most of them. If the men who are in the Church, and who constitute the Church if anybody does, were to resolve that these evils should be wiped out they would disappear, because these men have the money and the influence and know what needs to be done."

Has anybody heard of any denomination, or any conspicuous Church organization, becoming the advocate of any body of workingmen who were making a fight for a living wage or decent sanitary conditions?

Let us bring this pertinent question home by citing a specific instance. Did the Church in New York City advocate the cause of the locked-out workers in the cloak and suit industry during their fourteen weeks' struggle that has just come to an end? Here was a perfect opportunity. There was no question as to the justice of the cause of these workers. From the Mayor down it was declared to be just by those who took the trouble to inform themselves about the matter. Did the Church in New York City advocate this just cause? No! Of course it did not! The Church in New York had nothing to say. The Church in New York was *damnably dumb,* as it has always been damnably dumb, and as it can always be counted upon to be damnably dumb whenever the interests of Mammon are at stake.

Again, for a specific instance, in the great Garment Workers' strike in the Metropolitan District in 1913, in which justice was clearly on the side of the workers, the Church in New York justified the saying of Keir Hardie in Carnegie Hall, that one can put little or no confidence in the language one hears used in church assemblies. The Church "played safe," as usual.

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What of the Social Service Commissions of the Church, does some one ask? It is an embarrassing question. If one of these Commissions has ever gotten into a real fight I have yet to hear of it. One suspects that Charles Stelzle was thinking of these Commissions when he spoke of certain organizations which he called "mere fads of the Church," and which, he said, were "gotten up by some earnest souls who have come to have an academic interest in 'the masses.' But when they have come up against the blood and fire of the labor problem they have usually lost heart and they have been easily persuaded to desist." I have watched the "masterly inactivity" of the Social Service Commissions of the Dioceses of New York and Newark for three or four years in the midst of circumstances that fairly screamed to men with social vision to get busy. Whatever the future of Social Service within the Church may be, as yet it has hardly passed beyond the "stationary" stage. Where it has, it seems to be taking the path of least resistance and to be resolving itself into just another (their name is legion) social patch-work organization. It has little or no passion for social justice. It does not contemplate using evangelical dynamite. It is in danger of becoming a court-plaster affair.

When I charge that the Church is under the domination of Mammon, perhaps I have primarily in mind the desperate fight almost every man in the Christian Ministry has to make who has a passion for democracy and who places men above money, human rights above property rights. I mean to speak more particularly of this next month. But I also have in mind such instances as the following, which, though they may not seem to the man in the street of great importance, show but too plainly to the student of social and religious conditions the moral taint the Church has taken from Mammon. Such incidents could be piled up by the thousand. They are not extraordinary. They are decidedly ordinary. That is the shame of it.

The first I have from a New York man who has handled upwards of forty million dollars in his time. He is not a Socialist. His convictions are rather capitalistic. But he is a man of sterling integrity. He has a conscience—that is a union of his moral forces which he recognizes. He was one of six men on the executive committee of a certain charitable institution. An Episcopalian, a Quaker, a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, and a man without church affiliation were the other members of the committee. An excessively large rental was offered to the committee for a building owned by the institution. The committee was for accepting the offer without question. He "smelt a rat," and protested, and won over the non-Church member. Then these two fought the four Church members for weeks before they succeeded in getting the committee to make the prospective renter state what business was to be carried on in the building. "We need the

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money. Why ask embarrassing questions?" protested the four churchmen. When at last they were shamed into making the proper inquiry, the thinly veiled fact came out that the building was to be used by a notorious gambling concern.

Let me bring this article to an end with the criticism of a returned missionary of the Church at home. It represents the thoughts of the hearts of thousands of those in the foreign field. *"Christendom is not in earnest about Christianity. Christendom is merely playing with Christianity."*

MISSING

So, it's *your* turn to go, soldier, my soldier?
"Missing," just "missing," the newspapers say.
Who now will cherish the poor, grey-haired mother,
Soldier, my soldier, so far away?

There you lie out on the cold, wind-swept mountain-side,
Lost in a lonely grave under the snow;
Just like the other lads, killed for their country's sake;
God called your name, too,—*you* had to go!

* * * * *

Dear little son of mine—soldier, my soldier—
Such round, red cheeks you had, dimpled and gay!
Soft little smiling babe close to my bosom pressed,
What warmth of life was yours—just yesterday!

* * * * *

The world will forget you, soldier, my soldier,
How nobly you served and how bravely you died;
Only the angels in heav'n will remember,
And mother—dear soldier, with love and with pride.

ELIZABETH CHANDLER FORMAN.

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FIVE BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

GEORGE WEISS

BANKERS all over the country are being constantly deluged with financial problems pertaining to the automobile. Problems of finance begin with the purchase of raw materials and do not end until the sale of the car to the ultimate consumer. Ever since 1913 when the automobile became a thing of necessity rather than a luxury, the matter of financing has perplexed banking officials. Despite the inherent attitude of bankers to put out a restraining hand on all rapidly growing industries, the growth of the automobile industry has been nothing short of marvelous. The automobile industry to-day is a colossal, gigantic, powerful industry. From a weak infant in 1900 to a powerful young giant in 1916 has been the progress of the automobile industry. I say "young giant" advisedly for the automobile industry will accomplish still greater strides in the next ten years. The era of pioneering has passed. It has given way to a cycle of expansion. The automobile is no longer a toy, a plaything. It has become a part of our everyday life. In capital invested, in dividend disbursements, in numbers of people given employment, in consumption of raw materials, it has reached the high level of railroads, the steel and iron industry, farming, and other industries of tremendous scope.

To clinch the reader's interest in this subject of the automobile which now occupies an important niche in the economic structure, I will present in concrete form some startling facts as to the industry. *The retail value of all the cars produced in the first six months of this year, pleasure and commercial cars, was* $605,550,590. A total of 739,326 pleasure and 39,708 commercial cars made up the enormous value. *In* 1899, *the year of birth of the automobile industry on a commercial scale, there were only* 3,700 *cars produced, with a value of* $4,750,000. *It is estimated that* 1916 *will see a production of* 1,200,000 *cars having the tremendous retail value of* $1,008,000,000. *Ninety-nine factories giving employment to over* 2,000,000 *people produced these cars. The total capital invested* in the manufacture of automobiles alone, not including accessories, *is estimated* by important banking officials *at the colossal sum of five billion dollars.* Adding the capital invested in the manufacture of accessories brings the total up to fourteen billion dollars. When England, last Spring, asked for a war loan of a billion dollars the financial world was rocked. It was stated that such a sum could never be obtained. In fact, that loan was scaled down to $500,000,000. Yet *in the short space of seventeen years the sum of*

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fourteen billion dollars has found its way into the manufacture of automobiles and accessories. Truly, facts presented by the automobile industry are something to conjure with.

What the automobile has done for fostering good roads, for the gasoline industry, for the rubber goods manufacturers, for the steel mills, for the producers of aluminum, brass, zinc, tin and other metals can never be adequately told. The automobile gave the good roads movement its strongest impetus, promoted gasoline and rubber manufacture to the extent of 100 per cent of its pre-auto era capacity.

In the matter of earning capacity, the automobile makers are " war brides " of a permanent nature. Some automobile companies pay in dividends more than do the standard railroads of the country. In fifteen years there has been a transformation so great, so wonderful, that authorities in economics are astounded by the soundness of the industry. Before 1900 the automobile was an object of derision. Today it is a commonplace. Probably more than that. It is a necessity. Day for day in years of life, dollar for dollar in expenditures and profits, expansion to expansion there is no industry that can present the same wonderful record as the automobile industry.

Despite the overwhelming production of automobiles the demand has not been satiated. Factories are deluged with orders. All makers of automobiles have sufficient business on hand to keep their plants in full blast up to July, 1917. Business is in excess of capacity. Every large automobile company plans to increase its capacity from 30 to 50 per cent. *Ford will increase his output of* 533,921 *cars in the last fiscal year by* 100 *per cent, so that in the fiscal year of* 1917-18 *his output will total* 1,000,000 *cars.*

The Scope of the Automobile

On July 1 of this year there were close to 3,000,000 automobiles in the United States. This total would indicate an automobile for every 35 persons. In some states the proportion of automobile ownership to population is much greater than one to every 35 persons. For instance, Iowa has one automobile to every 18 persons, California to every 15, Nebraska to every 16 and New York to every 39. New York State heads the list with 259,105 automobiles registered with the State Department. Ohio is second with 208,705 and Illinois third with 203,757.

Farmers are very good customers of the automobile producers. Prosperous periods in farming, oil fields, mining, lumber, coal and other natural resources are followed by sharp increases in automobile registrations. In Minnesota, as a result of the high prices for grain, automobile registration increased 33 per cent last year. In Iowa there was a 21 per cent gain. Oklahoma came forward with an 80 per cent gain as a result of the boom in oil. Florida showed a 90 per cent

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increase on the demand for lumber. The copper mining boom in Nevada brought a 79 per cent gain in automobile ownership.

The scope of the automobile industry can be strikingly illustrated in the extent of the business dependent on livelihood from automobile owners. Thus on July 1 there were 22,923 dealers in automobiles and supplies in the United States. There were 20,382 garages, 10,621 repair shops, 2,427 supply stations and 1,913 dealers in automobile supplies alone.

How many millions of dollars manufacturers of automobile tires have made since the beginning of the automobile industry no one will ever be able to state within a fair degree of accuracy. The head of the United States Rubber Company declared that more than $500,000,000 were being spent each year for automobile tires by owners in the United States.

Then turn to gasoline! Oil fields in this country, in Russia, in Java, in Mexico—in fact, in every clime where traces of oil have been observed—are being worked to their utmost to supply the demand for gasoline for the use of automobiles. England's most effective measure against Germany was the barrier against the importation of supplies of petrol. This was the underlying reason for Germany's great effort to expel the Russians from Galicia so that the great oil fields could replenish the exhausted supplies of the Central Allies. Gasoline has proven to be one of the greatest necessities in war. Around General Joffre's headquarters " somewhere in France " there are 4,000 automobile trucks and 5,000 passenger automobiles in constant service. We all know the story how the late General Galleni saved Paris by transporting thousands of troops on motor buses taken from the streets of Paris to the Marne, thus bringing to an end the German advance. The Entente Allies have ordered more than 50,000 motor trucks from American makers since the beginning of the war. The automobile has taken rank with the artillery and infantry as an urgent necessity in warfare. But to return to the subject of gasoline. The war stimulated the demand for petroleum and prices advanced 100 per cent. Since the beginning of the war and up to August 1, new oil companies having an aggregate capital stock of $432,000,000 were incorporated in the United States. The United States Geological Survey reported that production of gasoline in the first half of this year reached the enormous amount of 140,000,000 barrels.

No resumé of the scope of the automobile would be complete without reference to the wonderful effect that it has had on the good roads movement. On July 11, 1916, there was approved a law known as the Federal Aid Road Act. This provides for the expenditure each year by the Federal Government of a sum that begins with $5,000,000 in 1917 and increases $5,000,000 each year until 1921, when the Fed-

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eral Government will apportion $25,000,000 among the states for improvement of roads. Thus in five years the Federal Government will have turned $85,000,000 over to the building of roads, as $1,000,000 a year for ten years is also appropriated for building roads in National Forests. In 1906 less than three-tenths of 1 per cent of the total rural road and bridge expenditures in the United States were derived from the motor vehicle revenues, but in 1915 nearly 7 per cent of the money expended was secured from this source. In 1915 automobile owners paid $18,245,713 in license and registration fees.

Fabulous Earnings of Automobile Companies

Speculation has often yielded profits that are startling, but I know of no legitimate industry where profits are as high as in the automobile industry. The public knows of this state of affairs. Bankers concerned in the selling of automobile securities declare that they are constantly requested to help their clients in securing a portion of automobile stock flotations. But the pools keep the stock to themselves. The public is not asked to subscribe. Last June L. G. Kaufman, president of the Chatham & Phenix National Bank of New York, planned a gigantic automobile consolidation. He proposed to merge the Willys-Overland, Chalmers, Hudson, Auto Light and Fisk Rubber Companies into one concern having a capitalization of $200,000,000. Before the plan was 48 hours old requests for stock were in excess of the total. The proposed merger was abandoned, as the automobile makers felt they could make greater profits by going it alone.

Automobile earnings are fabulous. Take the case of the Packard Motor Car Company! In the past seven years this company has earned $18,636,506, and in addition charged off $9,000,000 for depreciation. This year the Packard expects to earn $6,050,000. In 1914-15 the earnings totaled $2,769,518. For the six months ended June 30 the Stewart-Warner Speedometer Company earned $1,275,000. The Willys-Overland Company earned $11,201,256 in 1915, doubling the earnings of 1914, which were $5,864,858. The Chevrolet Motor Company expects earnings of $8,000,000 this year. The General Motors Company, which controls the Buick car, earned $25,000,000 on the 132,000 cars that it sold in the fiscal year ended July 31 last.

The Haynes Automobile Company declared a stock dividend of 108 per cent in August, increasing its capital stock from $1,400,000 to $4,000,000. The company reported net earnings of $1,600,000 on the 6,700 cars built in 1915. In the next fiscal year it will produce 12,000 cars. The Studebaker Company, which expanded from horse-drawn machines to high-class automobiles, reported earnings of $6,028,329 for the first six months of this year. The Fisher Body Corporation is making bodies at the rate of 350,000 a year, and earnings are in excess

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of $2,000,000 this year. In the fiscal year just ended the General Motors Company earned $160 per share for its common stock and distributed dividends of $70 per share. The sustained prosperity of the company has made it necessary to be recapitalized this year and $75,000,000 is now set as the total capitalization. The Maxwell Motor Company a few weeks ago put the common stock on a 10 per cent basis. The Maxwell produced 60,000 cars this fiscal year and will turn out 120,000 next fiscal year. It has orders for 80,000 cars already against the output for the next fiscal year. Chevrolet expects to produce 10,000 cars a month next year. The Studebaker Company is turning out 100,000 cars this year.

If bankers could mould their opinions to the fact that automobiles are doing the same wonderful good to the country as did the railroads in their early days they would lose much of their prejudice towards the industry. Capitalists have given up the construction of trolley lines in the farming communities. Instead, in the south and in the west we see an influx of automobile transport companies running large passenger cars on a regular service over a radius of fifty miles. These companies are also carrying freight and in some cases, where they are competing with the railroads, they are causing the same disturbance as did the jitney out on the Pacific Coast to the traction lines. The automobile is a cheap form of locomotion and transport. It is destined to play an important part in the further development of the country.

Era of Cheap and Light Automobiles

There is a universal cry for light automobiles. The companies making light cars are enjoying greater prosperity than those still turning out the heavy de luxe cars. The people do not want heavy cars. The heavy cars are a thing of the past. Alloys that will reduce weight are being sought and readily used in automobiles. Aluminum castings have displaced pig iron. Bodies are being made of lighter steel sheets. Wheels are being lightened. In all directions the effort is to lessen weight.

This is the era of improvement of the motor car industry rather than of innovation. The public has had ten years of innovation and now wants solidarity. The public wants a car that will be all that it implies a year or two after its purchase. Automobile makers formerly entertained the notion that the automobile, being a thing of luxury, must change like styles in clothing, so as to hold public interest. To-day the automobile is not a luxury; it is a staple.

Some Facts About Ford

Henry Ford is to the automobile what Bell is to the telephone, Curtiss to the aeroplane, Parsons to the turbine, Hill, Vanderbilt, Cas-

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satt and other luminaries to railroading. Ford has brought the automobile industry to its present high stage of prosperity. To him belongs the credit for its great expansion. His theories of manufacture, first assailed and ridiculed, have been copied by every manufacturer of cheap cars. Starting with local support, Ford is to-day a commanding figure among national bankers. His intensive cultivation of the automobile industry furnished the strongest power in its uphill climb.

In August, when Ford announced a cut of $50 in the selling price of his cars, the automobile world stood aghast. Over twenty of the large automobile makers had previously advanced their prices about $100 a car. This they attributed to higher cost of raw materials. Ford did not solve the problem of lowering the cost of raw materials. I know that Ford paid the top price for 40,000 tons of pig iron last April. What Ford did is what every efficiency engineer tells business men to do. *He lowered the cost of production. He did not cheapen his product. He increased the capacity of his plant.* Each thousand cars extra that Ford turns out acts to lower the cost of his car. Thus, in order to make a cut of $50 a car, Ford has increased the capacity of his plant to 750,000 cars a year. Another motive as to the cut: Ford has increased the number of prospective purchasers for his automobile so that he can go ahead with a million-car-a-year output with full assurance of the complete absorption of his production.

Ford employs 32,000 workmen at Detroit. His company owns property in every big city of the country. He has a plant in Canada. He is building a plant in England and one in France. He is steadily expanding. He is by far the largest automobile factor in the industry. He organized his company on June 16, 1903, with a capital of $100,000. His company is now capitalized at $2,000,000. On October 25, 1915, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, of which he owns 20 per cent of the stock, made a dividend disbursement of 600 per cent in stock and a cash dividend of 50 per cent. The Dodge brothers, who were connected with him, sold out their stock at that time and secured $1,500 per share for their 510 shares, for which they paid $100 par value. Ford's capitalization does not come near his investment.

While Ford seeks out every possible buyer of his car he will not adopt methods that he considers unbusinesslike to further his sales. Thus many of the farmers in the West appealed to Ford to establish a method of partial payments for his cars. Ford's reply was characteristic. He said: "So far as I am concerned, I have never been able to determine just what is the difference between paying your debts now or putting them off to some future time. I do not know of any system whereby horses are purchased on credit and paid for after they are dead. The farmer gets cash for everything he sells and yet expects to buy everything on credit." Ford will not adopt every device, dodge

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or subterfuge to sell his cars. He realizes that inflation has an aftermath.

What is the cost of a Ford car to Ford? That is a question patterned after the cost of a Singer sewing machine, a piano—in fact, every commodity produced in quantities. A banker identified with the Ford affairs declared that every cent that Ford gets over $179 for each car is clear profit. The cheapest Ford sells at $345, so that there is a hundred per cent profit. No wonder that Ford has accumulated millions. Ford's profits last year were one million a week, or 3,000 per cent.

Ford built 533,921 cars in the year ended July 31 last. This represented an increase of 225,708 cars over the output in the previous fiscal year. His average daily shipments were 1,816 cars, while on February 29, 1916, the Ford plant turned out and shipped 2,430 cars. This single day's manufacture was greater than the entire output the year Ford began business—1903—when he produced 1,708 cars. The Ford output was valued at $235,000,000 at the lowest estimate. Since Ford started in business he has made 1,406,997 cars. Ford employed 311 men in the first year and now has 34,489 men on his payroll at Detroit. Ford wanted to increase his capital stock from $2,000,000 to $100,000,000, but the State of Michigan does not allow such large capitalization, and not desiring to leave the state, Ford has kept his capital stock down to $2,000,000.

The day is coming when Ford will sell a car for $250. Ford will soon have a blast furnace and a steel mill. Plans are now being drawn for these improvements. He will control ore beds, and before 1920 has arrived Ford will be self-contained in the matter of raw material. Interprofits will be saved and go towards lowering the price of the car. Remember that every $50 lopped off the price of a Ford car increases the potential buyers by at least 500,000 people.

The Accessories

In my figures given previously I stated that of the fourteen billion dollars invested in the manufacture of automobiles and accessories nine billion dollars are invested in the latter branch of the industry. Take the United Motors Company, which produces some important accessories. It serves its product to 10,318 companies, and every automobile in use is equipped with one or more of its products. It makes 28,323,000 parts each year. Each day its plants turn out 65,000 antifriction ball bearings, 1,800 coaster brake hubs, 1,150 starting and ignition systems, 1,450 ignition systems only and 25,000 demountable rims. The United Motors Company controls the Delco system of ignition and starting, the Hyatt bearings, the New Departure coaster brake hubs, the Perlman demountable rim and the Remy Electric Company. These products are manufactured in 110 buildings and 13,000 people are

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employed by the company. Here, then, is an illustration of the scope of the accessories industry. Look over the automobile trade publications and you will find hundreds of advertisements of accessory makers. There is more competition among accessory makers than among manufacturers of complete cars. Five years ago there were 270 concerns turning out complete cars. Now there are slightly over 100 concerns engaged in this work. But in the case of accessories there has been a stupendous expansion. No automobile authority would care to estimate the number of plants engaged in producing articles for automobile manufacturers.

"Accessories!" exclaimed an authority. He lapsed into poetry. "Lost indeed is that day whose setting sun has seen no new automobile accessory launched upon an already brimming market. Magnetos, battery systems, self-starters, sparking plugs, speedometers, warning signals, tire holders, lunch boxes, motor-driven tire pumps, shock absorbers, light dimmers, puncture-proof tire compounds, fuel economizers, springs, axles, transmissions, and so on without end are coming on the market steadily. It is not the automobile which is expensive, but the accessories that the automobile owner buys that more than often puts the automobile in the luxury class."

Problem of the Farm Tractor

In connection with the automobile industry must be taken the problem of the farm tractor. The problem of the tractor equals in importance that of the cheap automobile.

Ford has ideas for a farm tractor which he thinks will be as successful as his automobile. He is now conducting experiments at his Detroit plant, and as soon as the machine is perfected a monster factory will be erected to turn these machines out. Cheapness in initial cost and in operation are the prime essentials to the success of a farm tractor. Last July 200,000 Texan farmers assembled at Dallas to witness a competitive demonstration of farm tractors. The farmers were enthusiastic. The farmer of to-day knows what an automobile is. A great percentage own cars.

As I write, word comes of the first public demonstration of the Ford tractor at Fremont, Neb. Ninety thousand farmers turned out to see this latest product of the wizard of Detroit. It is stated that the tractor will be on the market in a few months and the price will be about $300. The tractor weighs less than a ton and can use either gasoline, kerosene or alcohol as fuel. Ford's tractor proved its ability to plow at the rate of 2.5 to 3 miles per hour and can run along the road at 5 to 6 miles an hour. Here, then, is a machine that will aid the farmer in growing his crops and then take the grown product to the railroad or market.

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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